

The Beaver

Spring 1980

\$1.75



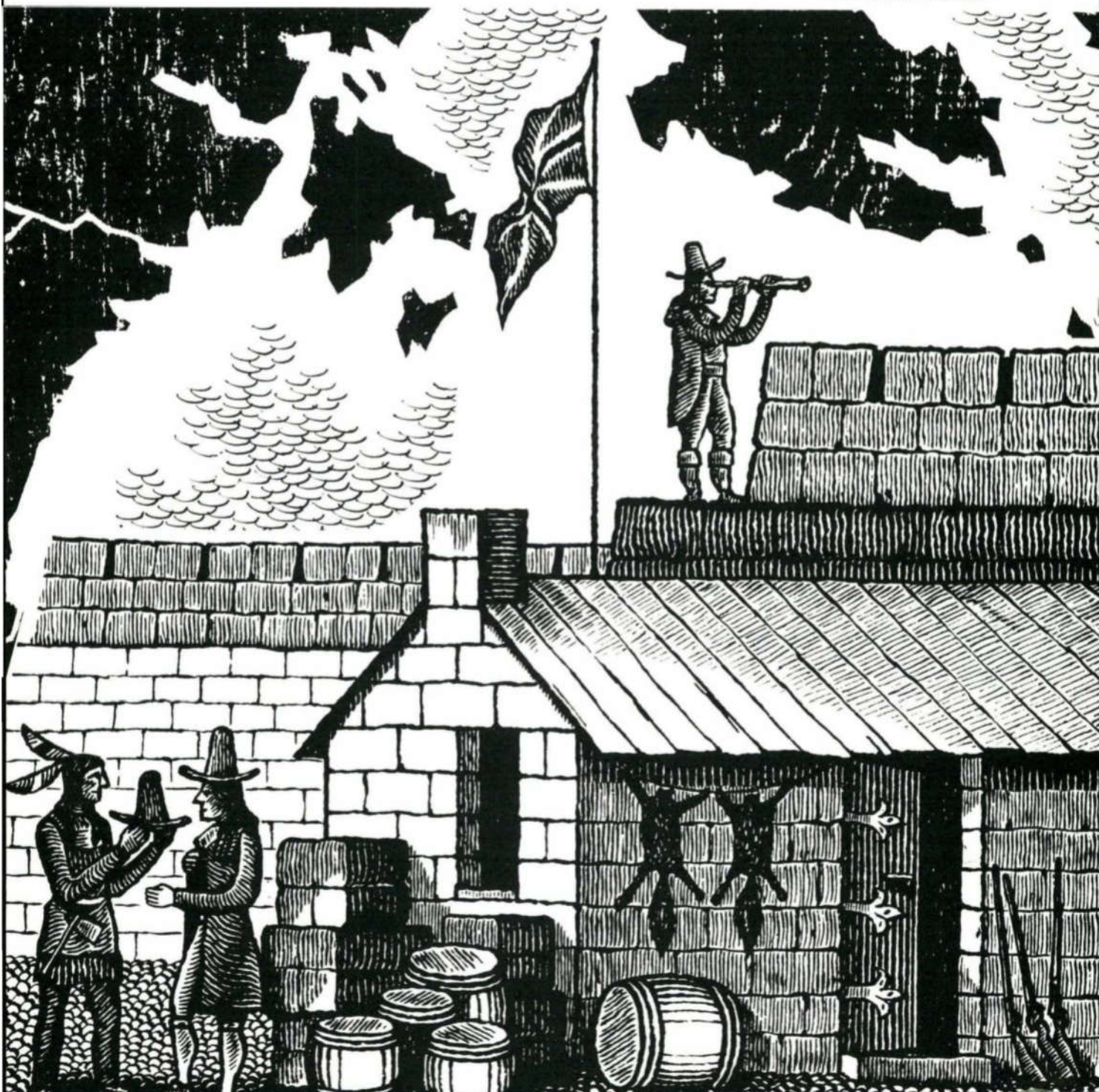
The UNCHANGED Standard: "choice goods as can be bought for money"

"We have sent you full Indent of Trading Goods: Stores and Provisions and instead of 150 Blankets which we thought might be too few, we have sent 225. The Flannel, now sent we have chose out of a thicker Sort, but yet very fine and good . . . Let us know whether the Size of the Crown of the Hats are pleasing to the Natives."

LETTER TO RICHARD NORTON, PRINCE OF WALES'S FORT, FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, MAY 1, 1740

Hudson's Bay Company,

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

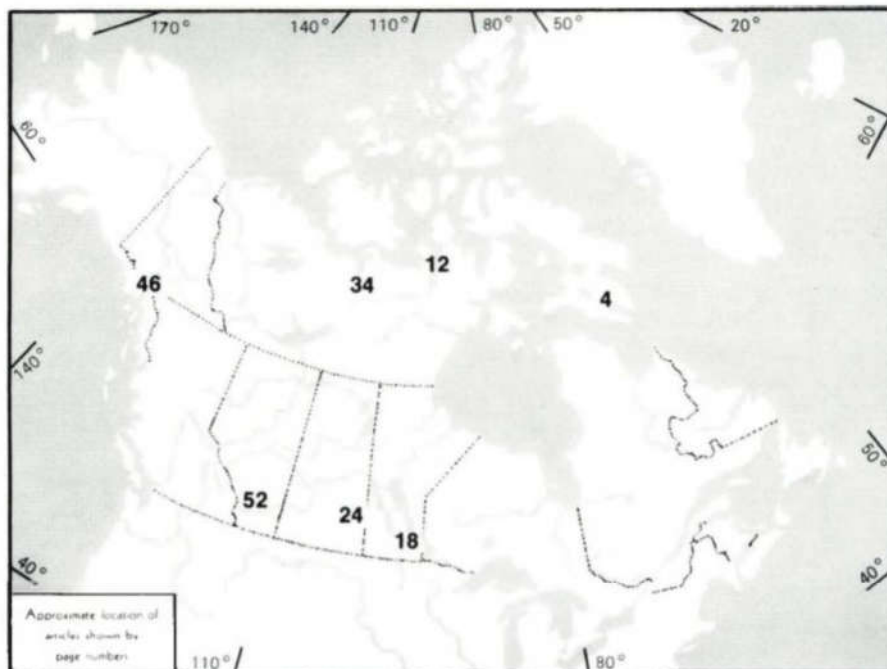


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MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Helen Burgess



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COVER: Canada Goose and two-week-old gosling.
Photograph by Bill Ivy of Don Mills, Ontario.

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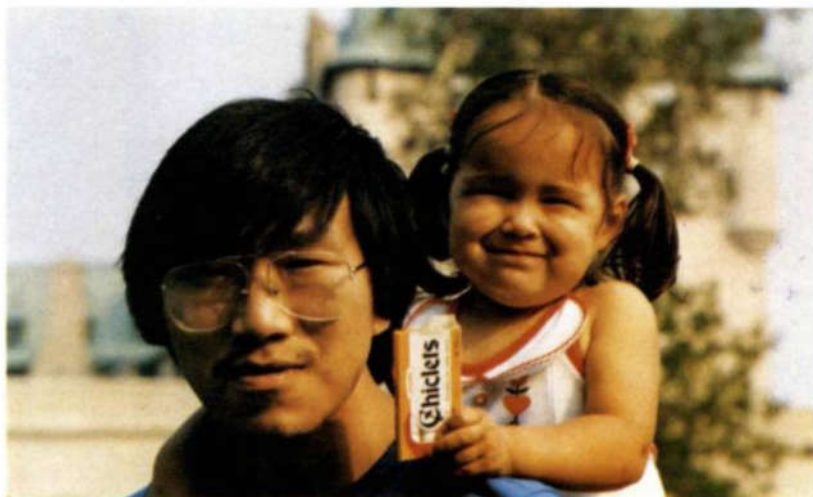
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Alootook with his daughter, Taina, photographed in Ottawa by Alootook's wife, Debbie.



FROBISHER BAY CHILDHOOD

By Alootook Ipellie

WHEN ANYONE asks me where I was born, I usually answer, 'Frobisher Bay', but I never can tell them exactly where my birthplace was. I always say, 'Somewhere down the bay.'

But Frobisher Bay is the place where I grew up. My most vivid childhood memories are still strongly rooted in this town. It is the place where I suffered my set-backs and experienced my triumphs. Although they may not know it, the people I grew up with are still dear to me. They really are an extension of my own life. For this reason I will always come back to Frobisher no matter where I live on this earth. Sometimes, one's roots are sacred to a person.

I remember the first time I went to school. It was in a small red and white metal building, which was the Anglican Church at that time. I was about eight years old then, and we had only one teacher — she was a lady. It was a chilly winter day with the sun shining from the sky above. I had no idea why we were called together in the church. The first day we played a few games and it was cold inside, so we had our parkas on. Round and round we went holding hands together, until finally the game was all over. It was actually the first day of my education; the *Quallunaag* feeling had entered my heart.

I cannot say exactly how I felt at the time, but I am quite sure I enjoyed it. I remember there was a machine inside the church that made a noise; I found out later that this sound came from a round disc inside a box with a top that opened and closed. I learned that the discs were records and that the box was a 78 r.p.m. record player with a handle on the side that you had to wind in order to make it play. This was very new to me at the time and another extraordinary addition to my knowledge of the new things the white man was bringing to our little town.

Many of the essentials for living came in by freight ships when the ice broke up in late July. The sight of these great vessels entering the world where we lived made thrills go through our hearts. If a ship came while we slept, the elders wasted no time telling us the news.

'Wake up boys, there is a big umiak anchored in the bay.' We got up, rushed out the door, and looked at the enormous vessel that was already unloading its cargo into the barges.

One ship that came to Frobisher was the Hudson's Bay Company ship, bringing the year's goods to the stores. When it arrived, most of the Inuit in town went to help unload the barges. This was during high tide and everyone worked as a unit, just like a circus setting

Author and graphic artist Alootook Ipellie, 29, attended school at Frobisher Bay and Yellowknife and then, to develop his interest in drawing, he spent nearly three years in art classes at Ottawa's Fisher Park High School and High School of Commerce.

Ship time at Frobisher Bay, autumn 1965. There was laughter among the people, a sign of happiness which never seemed to stop as long as the ship stayed.



Fred Bruemmer

up the big tents and other things to get ready for the opening night. There was laughter among the people, a sign of happiness which never seemed to stop as long as the ship stayed. The way they worked together was truly beautiful; they reminded me of a large family. No matter how old or young they were, they were there carrying things, big or small, both day and night.

At low tide, when there wasn't much work to do, the Hudson's Bay Company staff members brought out hot tea and pilot biscuits for everyone. We were hungry by then and as soon as the paper cups were handed out, we scrambled to reach into the large teapot as if it was our last chance. It was a thrill to be among these people; my own Inuit brothers and sisters. I looked at them as truly wonderful human beings, enjoying their day together. But soon there would be a time to end all this when the ship left to go to other settlements in the North. It was time now to get paid.

This was a day of joy, when everyone lined up to receive their money. It was usually only a dollar for each day and night that they helped in the unloading of the cargo. Even a few bills satisfied them, although they had worked hard for at least a whole week. There were no feelings of being underpaid or cheated; they merely took what they were given. And the very same day, most of them were completely broke again. They loved to spend money on goods of all kinds. Fascination was in their eyes when they saw certain things for the first time, and they thought to themselves, 'I must buy this thing — it is so beautiful and different.'

In those days I remember that the United States had an Air Force base in Frobisher Bay. We, as Inuit kids, would go over to their base to wait outside their kitchen in hopes of being offered something to eat. We often succeeded and the smell of their food was like nothing that we had ever smelled before.

There came a time when at least once a day I would start to dream of having tons and tons of *Quallunaaq* food right in our little hut. Even if all of the food could not go in, I would think of becoming a genius at storing food and somehow get it all in there.

One day, when a group of us were just outside the Hudson's Bay store in the base area, a number of guys came out of the store and got in their jeep. As the jeep started up one of them threw us what looked like paper money. We scrambled for it like hungry pups . . . only to find out that it was play money made for the game of monopoly. We looked up at the guys on their jeep and they were laughing their heads off. We nearly cried in disappointment.

I can remember one day I picked a fight with one of the students at lunch hour. The boy was one of those who was always causing trouble with other children and the teachers. I distinctly had the feeling that I could beat him easily that day. I was feeling very strong and all my friends cheered me on. It was as if we were

fighting for the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world. All the kids made a 'ring' around the two of us and we crashed into each other without a bit of hesitation, fists flying and muscles bulging from our arms! We grabbed each other's parkas and wrestled to the ground and up again. We swung our arms like sledge-hammers towards the opponent's head and made noises like only fighters make! I heard the crowd around us shouting words of encouragement and it was clear that the majority were rooting for me. It was important that I did not suffer a defeat in front of my friends. I fought hard but in the end, I received a bleeding nose and cried. Luck was not with me that day and it was good that my old friends were still my old friends. I never fought again after that.

There was a community hall in Apex Hill, which is about three miles from Frobisher Bay, and I remember they used to have a free movie for everyone on Sunday nights. Those of us who did not have very much money to throw around could not pass up the chance to see a full length movie free. So we would walk to Apex and back to see the shows that were often filled with action.

When the first movies came to our land, a whole new world was introduced to the Inuit. Our eyes would open up in fascination when the lights went out to start a movie. When the first frame appeared on the screen, we started to live in a world of fantasy.

The walks back home were as entertaining as the shows. Everyone got a big kick out of what they saw and amused themselves by reminiscing about the action-filled parts of the movie. Some of us would reenact the roles of the movie stars and we had fun entertaining each other.

When we got back to Frobisher after the movie we'd find a deck of cards and start playing. My group of buddies played cards at least once a week like 'hard-nosed' gamblers. We would take our places and decide who was to deal the cards first and then go on to the serious business of winning as many games as we could. There was no cheating, and we played until one of us won everything the other players had.

What we were playing for were pictures of Hollywood stars.

Probably every kid in town had a movie idol in those days and pictures of these movie stars were considered as valuable as any good wristwatch or bicycle. So we never missed an opportunity to look through any magazines and newspapers that we could find around town. If we happened to find one good picture of John Wayne or Tony Curtis, it was as if we had found a gold nugget worth at least a couple of hundred dollars. Photographs of stars from western movies were without a doubt the most sought after because they were worth the most at the card table.

Next came the sword-clanking stars like Kirk Douglas or Steve Reeves. And there were the strongmen — like Tarzan, Hercules and Sampson.





Frobisher Bay, 1972. In the background is the eight-storey apartment block and in front of it is St. Jude's Anglican Cathedral.

They were big heroes when I was an Inuit child. The photographs of clowns like Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope and the Three Stooges were also popular. So were Laurel and Hardy, and that timid knee-shaking character, Don Knotts.

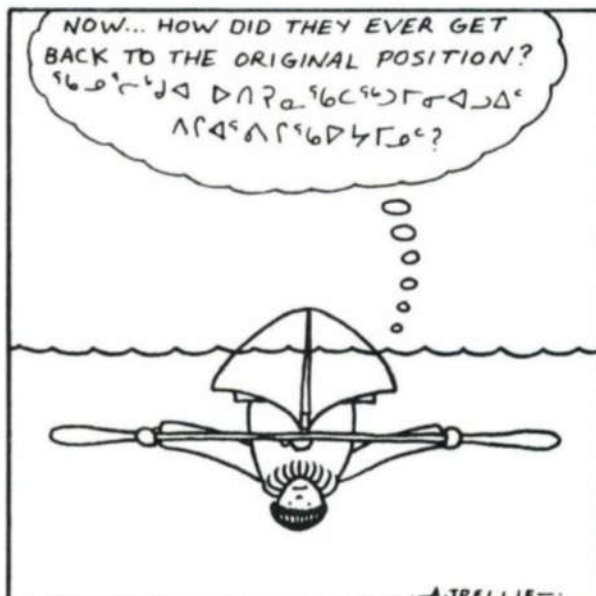
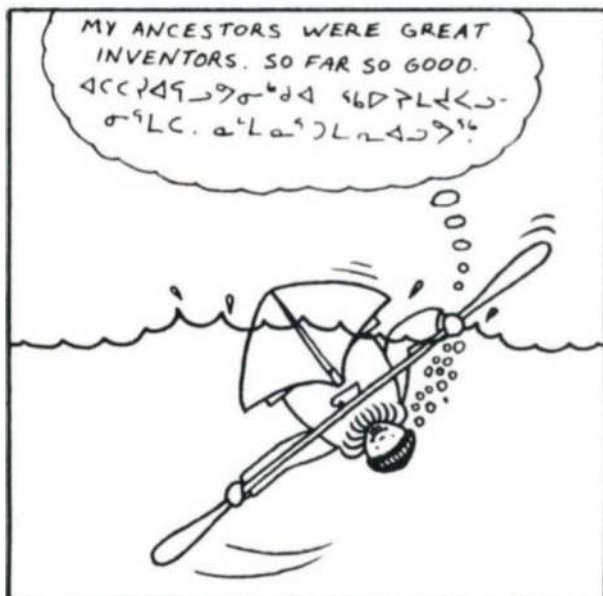
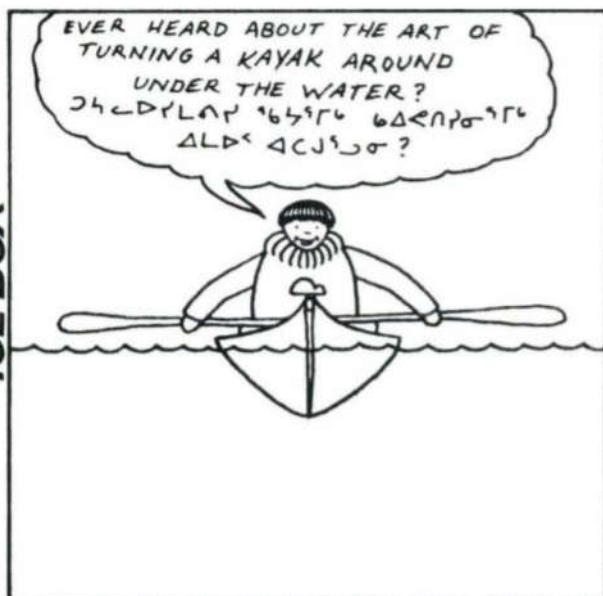
The quality and the size of the pictures were very important. A good photo of John Wayne was worth two poor ones of the same star. Colour pictures were worth a few times more than black and white — no matter what condition they were in. The pictures of the stars in newspapers were considered good bargains but they were not as crisp as the magazine pictures and did not last as long. Most of us could not get photographs from magazines so we had to resort to movie advertisements in the newspaper and newspapers were very scarce in our town in those days.

I can remember many times when my pockets would bulge with magazine photographs after a successful day of playing cards. They were valuable to me, so I could not afford to leave them around at home where they would not last for two minutes. I took great care not to crumple them. If I did, they would not be worth much when we started playing cards. So they were a bit of trouble to me because I could not move around the way I wanted to, and sitting down was always a problem. If I sat down many times during the day, I would

find out that some of the faces of the movie stars were completely wiped out because of all the rubbing they were going through. A picture without a recognizable face was worth not a penny at the card table.

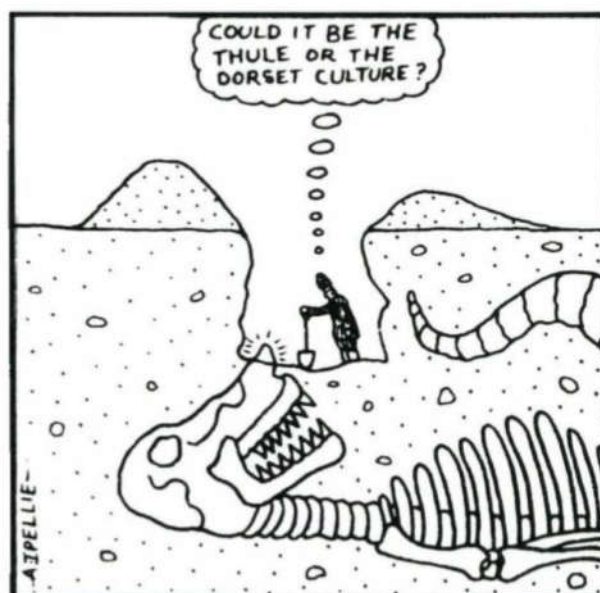
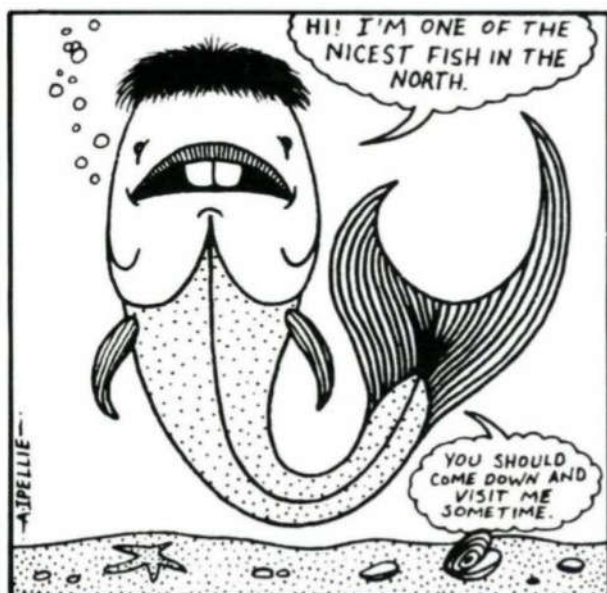
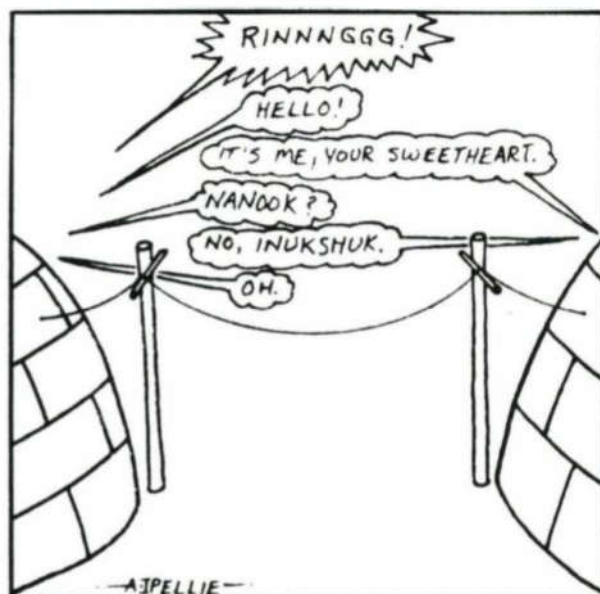
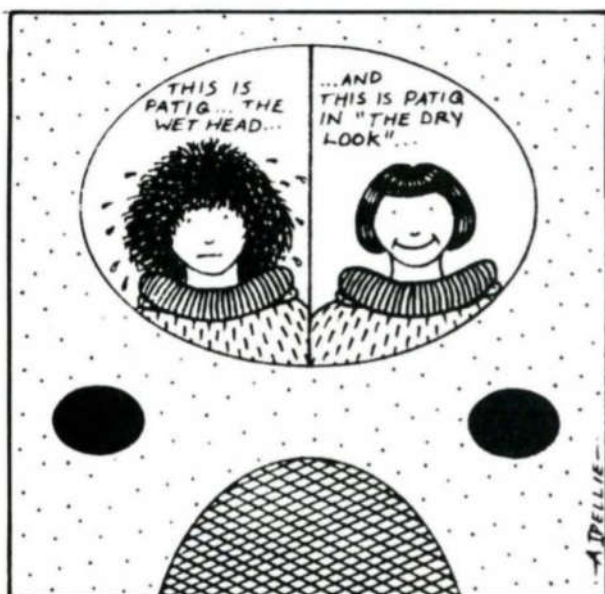
Clipping out photographs of movie stars was 'big business' for us as Inuit children. A good collector would naturally be considered the one to beat at the card games that would last for several hours. If he happened to be a little greedy about his collection we had all the more pleasure when we won his precious pictures.

These are a few memories of my childhood in Frobisher Bay. Life in the Arctic is changing fast and Frobisher has changed along with its people. If Frobisher has a distinct character today, it is that it has become 'home' to many Inuit from other communities in the North. On any given day in Frobisher you might meet an Inuk who had come from a town as far away as Port Burwell in the east or from Tuktoyaktuk in the west. There are Inuit from Northern Quebec, from the High Arctic, from the Central Arctic or the Keewatin. Today there is no surprise in meeting an Inuk from Alaska or even from Greenland, on the streets of Frobisher Bay. Who knows, maybe one day we will begin to see whole families coming in from Siberia to live in Frobisher Bay! ♦



The comic strip 'Icebox' and the cartoons on pages 7, 10 and 11 were published after Alootook Ipellie joined the staff of 'Inuit To-day', in December 1973. The monthly magazine is published in Inuktitut and English by Inuit Tapirisat of Canada with headquarters in Ottawa.

Mr Ipellie is now engaged in illustrating and writing a number of books.



'Both Inuit and non-Inuit tell me they enjoy the cartoons. I aim to make people smile and laugh at my work . . .

'One lady wrote to say my cartoons were offensive to her and to the traditions and values of the Inuit culture. She strongly felt that I was putting down my own people with the cartoons — that I was cheapening our past traditions. I sort of felt she didn't understand cartooning. . . .'

ALOOTOOK IPELLIE

The Diary of J. G. Stewart, 1855

Describing his Overland Journey in Search of the Franklin Expedition.

By Eric J. Holmgren

*The author was, until recently, heritage historian, Provincial Archives of Alberta.
He and his wife Patricia compiled the volume 'Over 2000 Place Names of Alberta'.*

Quotations from the diary are made by permission of the Provincial Archives of Alberta.



James Anderson, who with J. G. Stewart led the HBC 1855 expedition down the Back River — the goal of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames in their last surviving message . . . 'and start tomorrow 26th [April, 1848] for Back's Fish River.'

JAMES GREEN STEWART was born c. 1820 and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as a young man. In 1850 he was engaged with Robert Campbell in the exploration of the Yukon River and proved himself a competent fur trader and explorer. In 1855 he and James Anderson were chosen to lead an overland expedition from Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake to the mouth of Great Fish (Back) River in an effort to find any survivors or remains of the ill-fated Arctic expedition led by Sir John Franklin.

The journey proved fruitless; only a few artifacts were found, and Anderson and Stewart presented a report the year following their return to civilization. This report was a joint effort although it was mainly Anderson's work. A further account appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1857; it was a diary kept by Anderson but it only dealt with the latter part of the journey.

What is not generally known is that Stewart kept a day-to-day diary of the journey. It is written in a leather-bound notebook in indelible pencil; between each leaf is a sheet of pink tissue to prevent smudging. The writing is faded and in places almost illegible, but it is still possible to read most of the important passages. With it are two drafts of Stewart's final report in the form of a letter to Sir George Simpson. The diary itself is from 6 February 1855 to 5 November of the same year. It commences with Stewart's



Twenty-four years after Stewart and Anderson reached the mouth of Great Fish (Back) River, the Schwatka Franklin Search Expedition followed. Here, the Schwatka group are portrayed after their first meeting with the Great Fish River Inuit. From a sketch by expedition artist H. W. Klutschak.

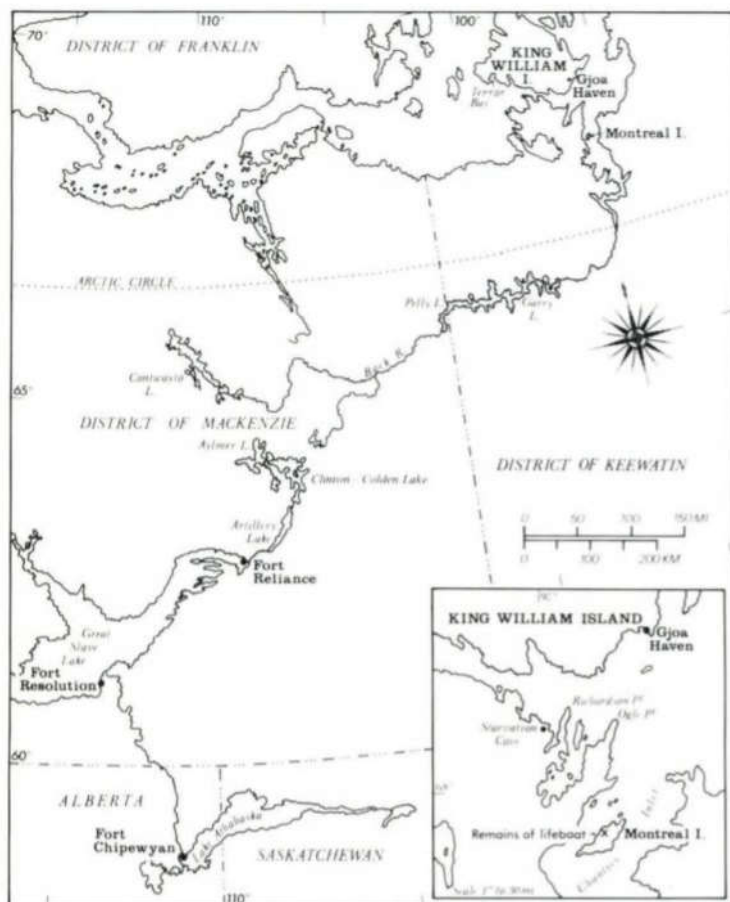
departure from Fort Carlton and ends with his return to Resolution at the conclusion of the expedition. After the expedition, Stewart was promoted to chief factor and remained with the Hudson's Bay Company until 1869. When he left the service he became Indian Agent at Edmonton where he died in 1881. The diary with other papers was presented many years later by a member of his family to the Alberta Legislative Library (then known as the Provincial Library) and was transferred to the Provincial Archives of Alberta in 1974. With the diary is a long letter dated 31 January 1856 and addressed by Stewart to Governor Sir George Simpson. This is an account of the journey, taken from Stewart's notations.

In 1848, expeditions by sea were organized by the Admiralty to search for the missing Franklin Expedition from both the eastern and western Arctic. The Hudson's Bay Company with its long experience in the Arctic was asked to participate in the search and one of its ablest officers, Chief Factor Dr John Rae, led most of the searches from the land, exploring as he went. He was later to learn from his conversations with natives in the eastern Arctic that a large number of white men had perished at the mouth of a river far to the west. He concluded that this location could only be the Great Fish River of Captain Back. When in 1854 Rae returned to England on furlough he presented a report of his findings as well as some artifacts he had bartered from the natives.

It was decided at the Admiralty to organize an expedition overland to Great Fish River and its mouth to search for any remains. The Hudson's Bay Company was requested to mount this expedition and plans were subsequently put in motion. Rae was offered the command but declined and the Company then chose Anderson and Stewart to lead the expedition. Stewart arrived at Athabasca (Fort Chipewyan) on 28 March after an uneventful journey from Fort Carlton. There is a gap in the diary at this point and it does not recommence until 25 May, the date that Stewart left Fort Chipewyan. In his report, Stewart notes that he and his men who had come from Montreal and Red River were, until the ice went out, busily employed 'in making Canoes and other preparations necessary for the voyage to the Coast'. At this time they were joined by three men from Norway House who had been engaged for the expedition. Two of them had been with Rae the previous year and, as Stewart noted, were 'a good accession to our crews' as a result of their experience.

Stewart's diary re-commences on 25 May at which date his party left Chipewyan in two canoes — he gives the date of 22 May in his letter — and passed down the Slave River to Great Slave Lake and thence to Fort Resolution, where he arrived five days later.

It was too early in the season for the expedition to start. Ice was still in most of the lakes and rivers and this precluded any attempt to travel by canoe.



The Back River is also referred to as the Great Fish River in this account.

Anderson had not arrived at Fort Resolution but Stewart immediately set to work making final preparations for departure so that no delay would ensue when Anderson arrived.

The route overland from Resolution to Back River lay through desolate and uninhabited country. From Resolution, the travellers proceeded to the north-east end of Great Slave Lake, passing Reliance and thence to Artillery Lake and from there to Clinton-Colden Lake and finally to Aylmer Lake. From that point a short traverse overland brought them to Back River. Until then the route had been almost due north with a slight bearing east. Once on Back River the route lay almost directly north-east until Pelly and Garry Lakes were reached and crossed. Then the group moved north stopping at the estuary of the river at Chantrey Inlet on the cheerless northern coast. The river itself was swift flowing and interspersed with rapids.

James Anderson, the co-leader of the search expedition arrived at Resolution on 20 June 1855 and two days later the party set off. 'June 22, 1855, Left Fort Resolution with 3 canoes and 18 men', Stewart noted. The journey had its setbacks, chief of which was the cold and backward season. Throughout the entire expedition the weather was cold, often foggy and with frequent showers of heavy rain and high winds, interspersed with a few short periods of sunlight. These adverse winds, combined with temperatures barely above freezing, delayed the break-up of the ice and frequently drove it ashore, making travel slow and difficult. The dreary aspect of the country did little to heighten enthusiasm or morale. At one point the party was windbound for almost a day before leaving Great Slave Lake.

After leaving Great Slave Lake the party found themselves faced with a series of portages. Stewart noted under the entry of Thursday, 5 July, that the men:

have been employed in making portages from one small lake to another till we reached Lake Aylmer on the 7th, having passed [number omitted] lakes; the 8th passed in making portages along the shore, the ice being still strong enough with small rivulets of water in the bays.

In his summary, Stewart further comments that twenty-five or twenty-six portages were made: 'the men were much fatigued before reaching Lake Aylmer. Here we were again arrested by Ice, which in some places was as firm as it would be in the middle of winter.' The party continued availing itself of every bit of open water. Progress was slow and monotonous. Stewart noted: 'the country exhibits different states of barrenness, nothing but a dreary waste.' Stewart also commented that none of the members of the party were dry for long.

On Wednesday, 11 July, the party finally sighted the sand hills noted by George Back in his account of the journey and they realized that they had now reached the headwaters of Great Fish River. Stewart wrote:

'after examining the country from the top of one of the hills found that we had at last reached the Fish River.' Their troubles were not over, for the uppermost part of Back River was so shoal that it was almost one continuous portage.

On 20 July the party came upon its first signs of human habitation in the form of two Inuit tents where they were received hospitably. The inhabitants could shed no light on the missing Franklin Expedition. They had come from Chesterfield Inlet, and did not appear to have heard of it. Stewart and his party continued on their way and after shooting many rapids came to the strait connecting Lake Pelly and Lake Garry. This was on 22 July and almost immediately they came upon a second group of tents whose inhabitants fled. Stewart, Anderson and their party came through Lake Garry and on 30 July reached the Island Rapids where they 'saw one Esquimaux man & 3 women. They could give us but little information but by their signs they would imply a party had starved to death somewhere in the north.'

One woman, Stewart noted in his summary report, was very explicit about having seen one white man on an island 'at the last extremity. She showed the way he was sitting on the beach his head resting on his hands, the hollowness of his cheeks and the emaciated appearance of the unfortunate person. She said, what she had seen was four years ago and that being without provisions themselves they could not give any assistance and that even if they could have done so it would have been too late.' The Inuit informed Stewart that there would be no survivors.

Stewart and Anderson noticed that this group of Inuit had some pieces of hardwood among their possessions as well as some metal utensils. These metal items were not trade goods used by the Hudson's Bay Company and the hardwood pieces were mahogany and ash that could have come from a ship. Farther on they met some other Inuit 'who were very shy at first but on our greeting some two of them came to us. They apparently knew of some white men having died, where or when we could not make out but evidently by their gestures, of starvation.'

These were the first hints Stewart and Anderson had of what could only have been the arrival of survivors of the Franklin Expedition in the area. In spite of their having no interpreter they realized that they would have to search the estuary of the river to locate any further evidence.

The expedition then camped on an island in the river. The following day (31 July) was rainy and depressing. The party started at 5:30 a.m. and soon reached the mouth of Back River and proceeded to Victoria Headland on the west side of Chantrey Inlet. Here they breakfasted at 11 a.m. The prospect they now beheld could only be described as bleak. At

Saturday 15th Arrived at Fish River
 Sunday 16th Left Fish River
 Monday 17th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Tuesday 18th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Wednesday 19th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Thursday 20th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Friday 21st Made good the boat at Fish River
 Saturday 22nd Made good the boat at Fish River
 Sunday 23rd Made good the boat at Fish River
 Monday 24th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Tuesday 25th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Wednesday 26th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Thursday 27th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Friday 28th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Saturday 29th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Sunday 30th Made good the boat at Fish River
 Monday 31st Made good the boat at Fish River

The diary kept by J. G. Stewart of the 1855 journey is preserved in the Provincial Archives of Alberta. This section was written by Stewart on his way to Fort Chipewyan.

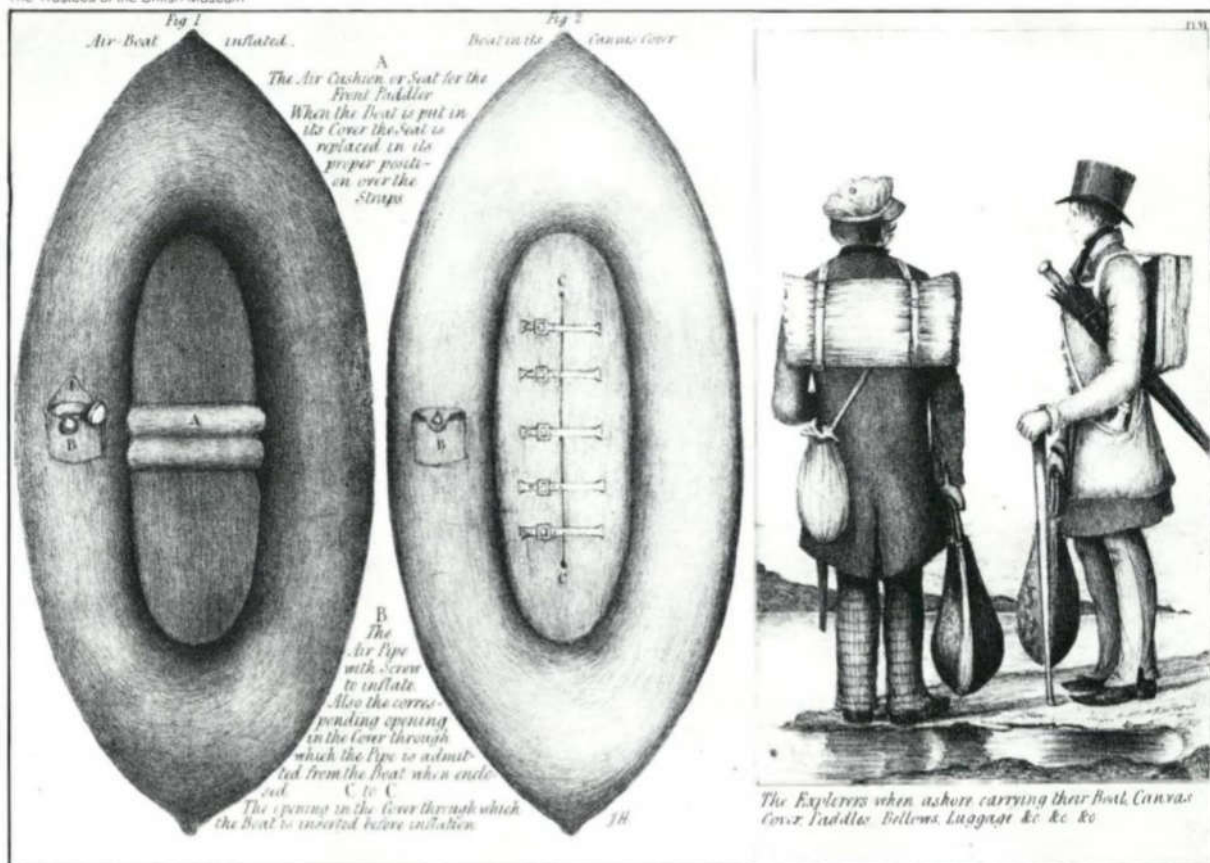
Victoria Headland there was only some low scrub with which to make a fire. There was no sign of life — no deer. Stewart wrote '... not an animal to be seen but a couple of seals. It is quite [illegible] to think of wintering in such a place'. The whole outlook was not enhanced by the weather. It was only too apparent to the party that if any group of survivors, weakened by starvation, had made that coast their landfall, their chances of survival would indeed have been minimal.

The immediate task facing Anderson and Stewart on their arrival was to search for any remains, human or otherwise. They were by now at Cape Beaufort on the west side of Chantrey Inlet immediately opposite Montreal Island and not far from the mouth of the inlet. From the top of a nearby hill both leaders noticed virtually solid pack ice beyond the reaches of the inlet. The shifting winds were liable at any moment to drive some of this ice into the narrow channel separating Montreal Island from Cape Beaufort. It was thus urgent to cross to the island, search it for any remains and return to the mainland as quickly as possible.

On Wednesday, 1 August 1855, it was decided to cross over to Montreal Island. Stewart remarked in his entry for that date:

Rain & wind in the morning prevented us from starting but at 2½ P.M. [2:30 p.m.] we embarked & crossed over to Montreal Island thus accomplishing the first stage of our journey 2 days from the mouth of Fish River or Lake Aylmer. Midway in the [channel?] we encountered a pack of ice from Elliot Bay. Fortunately for us a part of it was not very thick & by passing through places and others the canoes we got safely ashore thanks to Providence. At present the island is surrounded by ice.

Once safely across, camp was established and the plans for the search were made:



When their canoes began to leak the expedition used the inflatable Halkett boat to travel to Maconochie Island. If they had been able to proceed to Starvation Cove through the moving ice they would have discovered the remains of 30 to 40 men and wreckage of the lifeboat that carried the records and books.

in the morning all hands will be turned out to start for any search all through the island. We may be detained here for several days so that should accomplish this.

The following day after an early breakfast everyone set off to explore Montreal Island. Two parties were formed, one going right, the other left, to encircle the island. They were then to spread out and cross it. Anderson and Stewart waited at the point of landing to hear a signal of three shots which would herald any discovery. They had not long to wait.

Mr. A & myself started and met Jos Bouché & Wm Reid returning loaded with pieces of wood & iron. On one small piece was the name of Franklyn's *Erebus*. Thimbles, blacksmith's tools & another piece of wood with Mr. Stanley's name on it the surgeon's name on it.

Anderson described the piece of wood from the boat as a chip covered with black paint and the name *Erebus* carved upon it. Stewart in his summary report noted that it was the name of the *Terror* but whichever it was, it was firm evidence that some survivors had reached the island or its vicinity. Reid and Bouché immediately informed the leaders that they had found the place where a boat had evidently been broken up by natives.

The items found by Bouché and Reid came from Inuit caches. The party hastened to the location on the north-east tip of the island and on a high rocky ridge

came across several Inuit caches. At that same spot was evidence of a boat having been broken up, with chips and shavings strewn about:

it is evident that the natives have been here a short time ago from their fire places being fresh. A great quantity of chips about the same place. These things may have come from the ships. The small chip with the vessel's name on it & the surgeon's name seen as any conclusion that a party has been in this neighbourhood & have probably perished. The search for bones & graves will continue tomorrow.

The caches were opened and examined but were found to contain seal oil, some blacksmith's tools, a tomahawk and other nondescript items; once again none of these were trade goods used by the Hudson's Bay Company. All the mounds were carefully checked but no human remains were found. The search continued until dusk.

The following day a search for graves was resumed but none were found. The pieces of wood and the tools found in the caches merely confirmed that some survivors of the expedition had reached this inhospitable place and that they had evidently perished by starvation.

The next few days were spent searching the shores of Chantrey Inlet as well as the small islands in the

vicinity but without success. Ice was still prevalent and made for difficulty. The fragile canoes were by now in a perilous state and could not be expected to hold much longer. On 8 August the party crossed to Maconochie Island in an inflatable boat but, as Stewart noted, found no evidence. By now the whole coast of the inlet had been examined without any significant find. It was impossible to proceed to nearby Point Richardson or Point Herschel and as both Stewart and Anderson were to note, there was little possibility of the ice breaking up with the season being cold and wet.

Thursday, 9 August, was spent in a final search and preparations to commence the return journey. The season was now rapidly advancing; fresh snow on the ground that day served as a warning that the short Arctic summer was all but ended. The men began the journey back and proceeded without incident although Stewart's canoe was damaged in the lower rapids and its repair caused slight delay. The supplies placed in a cache on the outward journey were found to be intact. The party arrived back at Resolution on 5 November.

Stewart and Anderson then set about preparing a report. They had spent only ten days searching the area and had found no graves or human remains but they had determined that some survivors had reached Montreal Island. The piece of wood with *Erebus* carved upon it and the part of a snowshoe belonging to Mr Stanley, the surgeon, were sufficient proof of this. As Stewart commented in his report:

What would we not have given had it pleased Providence to have permitted us to find that one survivor! No word can fully explain the intensity of our feelings at that moment. The bit of the Boat belonging to the "Terror" and the snow shoe to an officer of "Erebus" together with what we gathered from the Esquimaux confirms without doubt Doctor Raie's surmises as to the fate of Captain Franklin's unfortunate expedition, namely that the ships had been crushed and the survivors had attempted to reach some of the Hudson Bay Forts via the Fish River and had perished in the attempt.

If survivors had reached Montreal Island or the coast, they would have been weakened by lack of food and debilitated by cold. It would have been impossible to survive long on that grim iron coast, and it is doubtful if any survivors were alive by 1849. Ironically those who did reach the coast perished within sight of the river they had struggled so hard to reach. No record or log has survived. These (the Schwatka Expedition learned 25 years later) had been kept in a tin box in the lifeboat that reached Starvation Cove. The Inuit had given some of the books to their children to play with; others lay around among the rocks until destroyed by the elements.

In any event these men weakened by their journey could never have reached Fort Reliance. The ascent of the river and the long trip overland with almost no supplies would have been impossible so they perished in sight of the river and still 1,000 kilometres from the nearest post. ♦



In 1931 Chief Trader William Gibson, F.R.G.S., was given leave of absence by the HBC to inter the mortal remains still to be seen on King William Island. He had studied the literature of the Franklin tragedy, had lived in the Arctic for 12 years and travelled the coastline of King William Island. At Douglas Bay, above, Gibson is shown with the remains of seven men whose bones he buried. A cairn was erected to mark the spot.



The Asylum at Lower Fort Garry

1874-1886

By John D. Griffin and Cyril Greenland

SOCIOLOGICAL THEORIES about the origins and functions of insane asylums in the 19th century are based more on rhetoric than historical fact. The records relating to the temporary asylum at Lower Fort Garry provide a valuable opportunity to examine the circumstances surrounding the establishment of the first asylum in Manitoba, its administration, and its inmates and their treatment in an era before the development of modern psychiatry.

The confinement of lunatics in penitentiaries was a long-standing problem in Canada. Their transfer to asylums was justified on humanitarian grounds and because they were incapable of adapting to the prison regime. Although more acute in the Kingston Penitentiary, Upper Canada, the problem of housing insane offenders was no less serious in Manitoba. The establishment of the Lower Fort Garry Asylum was regarded as a desperate measure to contain the problem until the asylum proper was built in 1886.

In 1826 a flood in the Red River Valley virtually destroyed the original Fort Garry located at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, now the site of the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg. In 1831 George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, decided to build a new headquarters and principal trading post on higher ground north of the old site but still on the banks of the Red River.

Lower Fort Garry or the 'Stone Fort' as it was called, had a relatively brief existence as a major trading centre, depot and headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. As early as 1846 British regular soldiers garrisoned the fort. They remained for two years in response to occasional unrest among the settlers and the threat of difficulties with the United States because of the Oregon boundary dispute. Again during the winter of 1870 over 400 Canadian militiamen were stationed at the fort. After they left in 1871 a small force of 50 soldiers occupied some of the

buildings. This later military occupation was related to apprehension over continued Métis unrest and the probability of Fenian raids from across the border. During these times Company functions were only partly carried on within the bastions of the Stone Fort. It used other buildings constructed outside the walls for most of its commercial, industrial and agricultural activity.

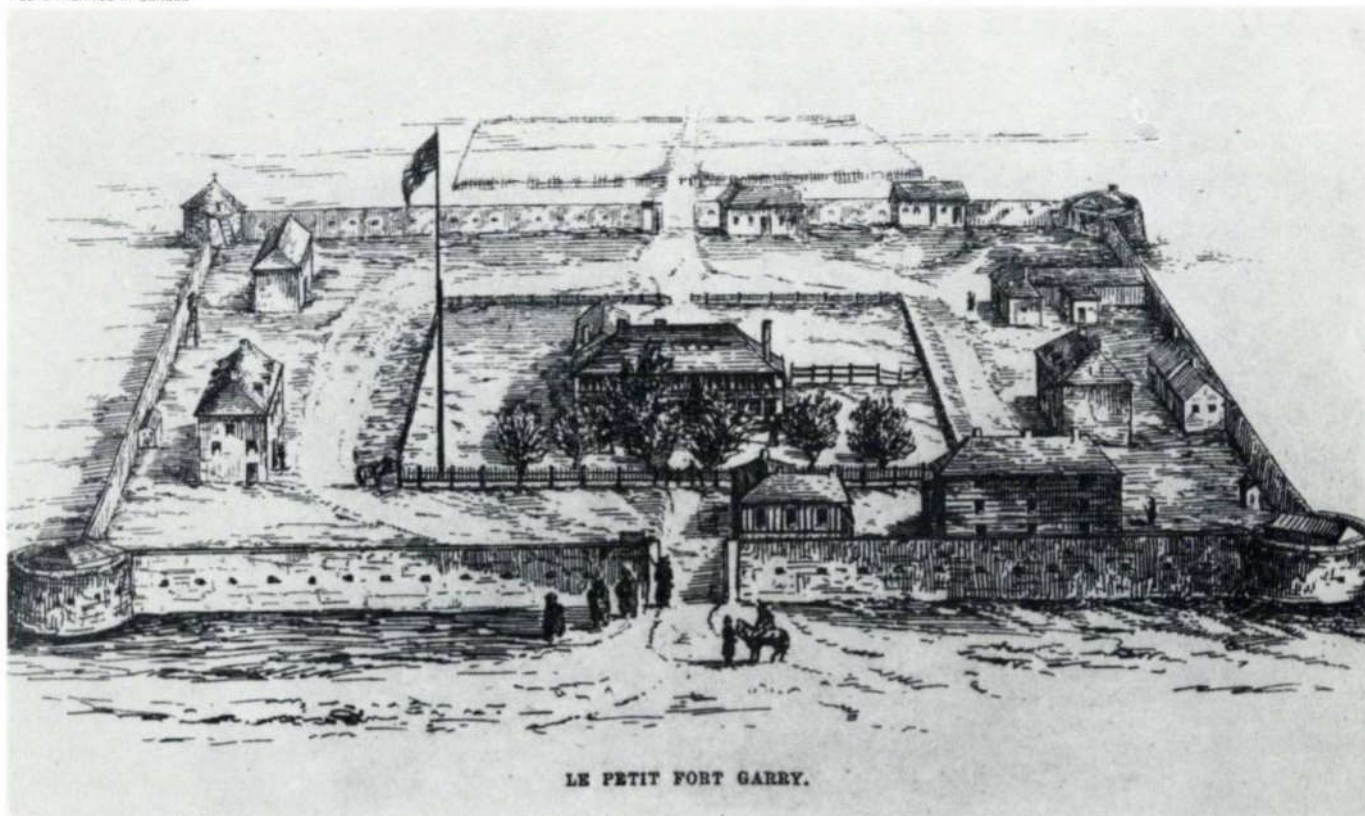
After 1870 the usefulness of Lower Fort Garry to the Company dwindled. The Red River Settlement was growing in size and importance and the coming of the railroads north from the border further decreased the importance of the fort. It became a rural centre used by HBC officers as a week-end retreat. At the same time Manitoba became the fifth province to enter the Canadian Confederation and the demand for institutional buildings of all kinds grew faster than its ability to provide them.

Of immediate importance was the provision of a prison. The wooden police lock-up in Winnipeg was hopelessly inadequate. The new province immediately began negotiations with Sir John A. Macdonald's government in Ottawa urging the building of a federal penitentiary, part of which might be leased as a provincial prison for offenders with sentences under two years. This was refused. Lieutenant-Governor Archibald thought of the old Stone Fort. After the soldiers had departed he arranged to lease the large building near the north bastion and some other smaller buildings not then in use for \$1,000 per year.

The building, originally a warehouse, had been solidly built of stone in 1845. In 1871 it was quickly converted to a prison with cells for 30 prisoners. A high wooden palisade was constructed, enclosing it and some smaller temporary buildings outside the bastion. Only the stone warehouse, turned prison, survives today.

Mr S. L. Bedson, a former non-commissioned officer in the British regular army, was appointed as warden. He immediately selected a staff and proceeded to admit prisoners. There were four underground isolation cells built of brick in the north-west corner. They were used as punishment cells and perhaps more frequently as temporary cells for noisy and violent insane convicts.

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'Le petit Fort Garry', viewed from the Red River looking west. From a sketch published 31 August 1871 in L'Opinion Publique', Montreal. The stone warehouse that served as an asylum for mentally ill men is facing the central "Big House" on the right. Female patients were kept in the building near the west gate.

Warden Bedson administered the prison from 1871 to 1877 when the federal penitentiary at Stony Mountain was completed. He, with all the inmates and staff, was transferred to the new institution in 1877. Bedson was never happy about the custom of confining lunatics to the penitentiary and complained several times to his superiors in the provincial and federal governments. In December 1874, he reported that 'the lunatic Robinson' had been received and had been confined to 'Number One cell' underground and later removed to a more remote cell 'when very noisy'. Several months later, a mentally ill woman was received. He placed her in one of the corner bastions of the fort and immediately wrote a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor protesting that 'the convicts for over two weeks past have been making complaints about not being able to get sufficient rest during the night, owing to the continual noise which is kept up by insane persons confined amongst them.'

He proposed that a grant of about \$800 be made to the penitentiary to put up a building 'about 30 ft. x 20 ft. which would give 6 good cells, Wash room and dining hall.' This he proposed to use for a lunatic ward. The province apparently made the money available and by January 1876, Bedson was able to report that 'a

Parks Canada



One of four underground isolation cells that were used to confine noisy and violent criminals from 1871 to 1877.



The original stone warehouse, 1858. The building was later leased from the Hudson's Bay Company to be used first as a penitentiary and then as an asylum.

small building inside the walls of the prison where all lunatics could be kept' was under construction.

In 1875 the provincial government again proposed to the federal government that it be allowed to lease space in the new penitentiary being constructed at Stony Mountain. The province thought that this space could be used as an asylum for criminal lunatics and other insane persons. This suggestion was immediately rejected by Justice Minister Blake. Moreover he sent an ultimatum that all lunatics were to be removed from the federal penitentiary at Lower Fort Garry by 1 April 1876. This deadline was ignored by the Manitoba government. Not only did the mentally ill patients remain at the Stone Fort but they were sent along with the other inmates to Stony Mountain Penitentiary when the transfer was made in 1877. They remained there for another eight years.

Finally in 1884, the Manitoba government began somewhat reluctantly to plan a new asylum at Selkirk. Under increasing pressure from the federal government the province decided that the mental patients in Stony Mountain Penitentiary could be removed back into the old penitentiary buildings at Lower Fort Garry. Empty and neglected since 1877, these buildings were in a sad state of repair. In December 1884 they were again leased from the Company. Within a month the essential renovations were completed. The

patients, twenty-eight men and eight women, arrived on 18 February 1885. They remained there until May 1886, when the new Selkirk Asylum was completed.

The old stone warehouse became the male building with twelve single rooms and two wards for twelve patients each, accommodating 36 patients on two floors. The third floor became a dining room and recreation area. Additional rooms were provided for the attendants. The women's building located near the west gate of the fort was a timber and rubble-filled construction containing three single rooms, a ward for about twelve patients, a dining room, attendants' rooms and so on. Other buildings, taken over by the asylum, included a doctor's office and dispensary and a kitchen.

Dr David Young was appointed medical supervisor. Born at Sarnia in 1847, he moved to Manitoba immediately after obtaining his degree in medicine at Queen's University in 1871 and became the medical officer of the provincial penitentiary at Lower Fort Garry. After the removal of the inmates to Stony Mountain he continued in his practice in the settlement of Lower Fort Garry, serving the settlers, military personnel and the North West Mounted Police. In 1885 he was appointed to the temporary asylum and supervised the transfer of patients from Stony Mountain and the Winnipeg lock-up. His first task was

to recruit an experienced matron, Miss Euphemia McBride. She had held a similar post at the London (Ontario) Lunatic Asylum and was thoroughly versed in Dr R. Maurice Bucke's methods of moral treatment. She was undoubtedly a great help to Dr Young in shaping his philosophy of patient care and management. His detailed but almost illegible diaries indicate that he was familiar with the importance of activity, occupational and milieu therapy. After the new asylum at Selkirk was opened Dr Young continued as medical superintendent there until 1912.

All patients were committed to the temporary asylum in the same way. An allegedly insane person was first seen by a justice of the peace or in a police court where witnesses including friends, neighbours and relatives were heard. Then he was examined independently by two physicians. If they felt asylum treatment was indicated, a warrant was issued over the Lieutenant-Governor's signature. Discharge procedures were much more informal, being left to Dr Young's discretion. Many patients tried to leave the asylum unofficially. They were usually found and returned. Others, who were not dangerous to themselves or others, were allowed to remain at large.

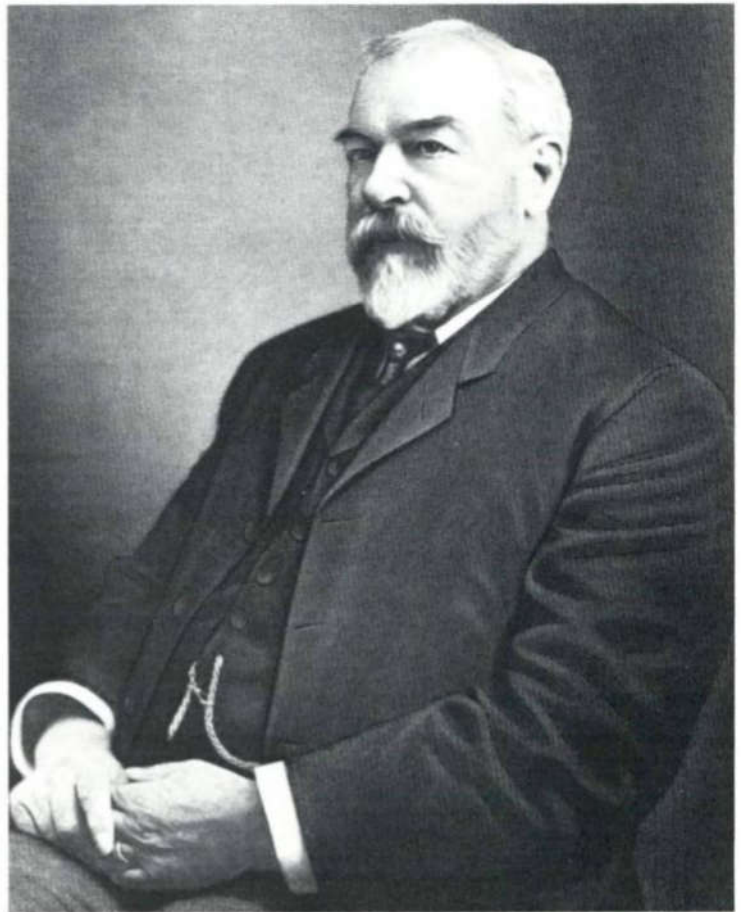
The patients cared for at the temporary asylum were a diverse group. Many national and racial groups were represented and their illnesses varied from mild disorders to furiously disturbed and violent cases.

Despite Dr Young's lack of experience in asylum management and the treatment of the insane, his organization and therapeutic methods were comparable to those used in the large asylums in eastern Canada and reflected the reforms introduced in Europe by Pinel, Conolly and Tuke. The isolation, the iron fetters and physical restraint, the regimentation and overcrowding characteristic of earlier institutions were absent. Young's asylum reflected the importance of 'moral treatment' which emphasized a humane if somewhat paternalistic attitude toward the patients. His small institution situated in the country within a short distance of a busy city conformed to advanced ideas of leading authorities such as Thomas Kirkbride in Philadelphia even more than did the new asylums shortly to be opened at Selkirk and Brandon.

The only occasion on which Dr Young used a mild form of restraint was in connection with a female patient whose loud, foul language was offensive. His diary records:

'S.P.'s language has become bad and all other means of restraining her failing[we] have used a towel as a gag and though of only temporary value yet can be easily and frequently applied without injury and with great relief to all near her.'

His customary method of controlling violent behaviour was through persuasion and patience. Thus: 'A.S. ran into her room screaming and swearing. I then



Dr David Young, c.1910, medical superintendent of the temporary asylum at Lower Fort Garry, and later of the asylum at Selkirk, Manitoba.

locked the door which seemed to exasperate her very much. She threw her chamber pot at the door, smashing it to pieces. [I] unlocked the door and took out all the broken pieces of crockery and talked to her for a while about acting in such a way when she commenced to cry and gradually quieted down.' When necessary, sedatives were prescribed. Young's favourites were whiskey, morphine, bromide, chloral and hyoscyamine. Young did introduce a system of withdrawal of privileges and comforts on occasion but he never withheld food or clothing.

Constant efforts were made to involve the patients in both work and recreation but discipline was relatively relaxed. While there was apparently a fixed schedule for meals, bedtime and special activities, this was not rigidly adhered to and was varied with the seasons. Religious services and parties with dancing were encouraged.

The grounds around the buildings were enclosed by a high wooden fence. But the gates were often open and patients frequently wandered away. This worried Dr Young somewhat although he was reluctant to impose



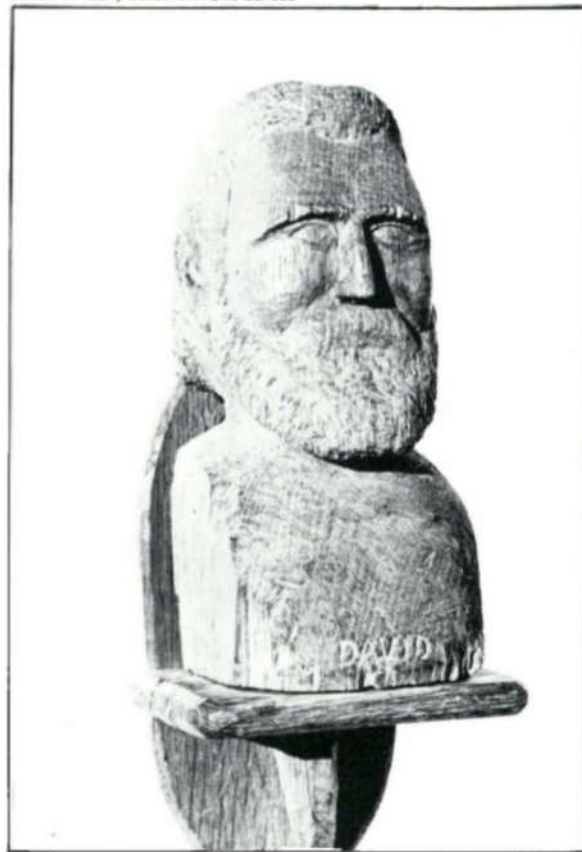
William Henry Jackson, secretary to Louis Riel, who was tried for treason-felony after the North West Rebellion. He was judged not guilty because of insanity and detained at Lower Fort Garry under the supervision of Dr Young.

stricter security measures. When a patient disappeared Young would communicate with the Winnipeg police and send all his available staff out to look for him. All such patients were found and returned except one. And this one was William Henry Jackson, secretary to Louis Riel.

William Henry Jackson was born at Stanley Mills, Ontario, in 1861. At seventeen he was a student at the University of Toronto. He was very bright, literate, articulate and even precocious. However, when the family business failed, he left university and made his way west with the family to a grant of farm land near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Here, with his father and brother, he became involved in prairie politics and soon was secretary of the radical Agrarian Settlers Union.

He was sympathetic to the claims of the Métis and when Riel returned to Saskatchewan from Montana to organize and lead the so-called North West Rebellion, Jackson became his secretary. He was deeply impressed by Riel and his religious convictions. Riel re-baptized him as a Roman Catholic, giving him the name of Honoré Joseph Jaxon.

When the rebellion was crushed, Jackson was captured with Riel. Riel was charged with treason and



The bust of Louis Riel carved by Jackson and presented to Dr Young.

Jackson with the lesser offence of treason-felony. At his trial, which was conducted in a very summary fashion, Jackson was judged not guilty because of insanity.

A warrant was made out and signed by the Lieutenant-Governor ordering Jackson to be conveyed and detained as a dangerous lunatic in the Selkirk Asylum in the Province of Manitoba until discharged by law. The warrant, dated 8 August 1885, was impossible to carry out because the Selkirk Asylum was only then being constructed and did not open until May 1886. Nevertheless Jackson was taken by a North West Mounted Policeman to Lower Fort Garry and placed in Dr Young's charge. He was put in a room on the second floor of the men's building.

Dr Young's diary includes the following items relating to Jackson:

August 29: improving but developing a good deal of stubbornness and disinclination to submit to rules.

September 16: Refuses meals, says he is fasting on account of the position of Louis Riel.

September 19: . . . broke his fast this evening having

eaten nothing since dinner on the 15th. Lost nine pounds in this time.

October 17: . . . Jackson finished carving a bust of Riel which he presented to me today.

An account of Jackson's life in the asylum can be gleaned from the long letters he wrote to his parents. In one dated 15 September 1885, he asks his mother not to trouble herself about his inability to sleep. He writes 'I can both sleep soundly and eat heartily — both requirements being exceedingly well catered for in this establishment. As you are aware from the Doctor's report . . . I am not a confirmed lunatic but only a Mono-matic, chiefly on religious subjects. . . . Mum, the Doctor who could pen such a sentence is certainly a fit candidate for public school if not for an asylum.' Jackson then goes on to discuss the possibility of his escape.

'I believe' he wrote 'that the Doctor and most if not all the attendants would like to see me get away — but their position, as you are probably aware, is a somewhat peculiar one — it being a moot question not less among them than at Government headquarters as to whether whatever public advantage might be derived from my liberation would not be more than counter balanced by private disadvantages to themselves.'

He goes on to ask his parents for writing materials and stamps, for books including his copies of the revised Bible, Plato's *Republic* and Horace and a football 'for leg exercises'.

As if to test the possibility of escaping, on some of his long walks Jackson would stay out late. On several occasions his ground privileges were withdrawn and restored again. Because he was so frequently absent from the asylum his final elopement on Monday, 2 November, between 2:30 and 3 p.m., was not immediately reported to Dr Young. Next day, at about 10 a.m. the police and authorities in Regina were informed of Jackson's elopement. There were many rumours as to his whereabouts. One was that he had stolen a minister's team and rig parked outside the Fort and 'did not stop until he had crossed the U.S. border!' In any event Jackson was never recaptured and Dr Young was not greatly perturbed by his abrupt departure.

An official enquiry into Jackson's escape was held by the Attorney General of Manitoba. No blame was attached to Dr Young for Jackson's escape and the matter was more or less officially assigned to oblivion. The press was, however, far less charitable. Responding to press criticism, in his annual report Dr Young wrote: 'We have, fortunately, no representative of that class so obnoxious to Asylum discipline called insane criminals, though the contrary has been asserted by certain newspapers, both in this and the other provinces in referring to the elopement of

William Henry Jackson. It may be as well to state here, since so much interest was taken in this case that he was exactly on the same footing as any other patient in this Asylum. He was neither allowed more or fewer privileges than were granted to others who had shown by their conduct and mental improvement that they might be trusted outside the walls without an attendant. His escape was entirely due to the fact that more confidence was placed in his word than after events justified. As he was harmless and quite able to earn his own living no one had any interest in keeping him here except his friends, and then only that he might secure that treatment which they hoped would eventually lead to his complete restoration to health.'

As a final riposte, Young quotes Dr Joseph Workman as saying: '. . . it is to be hoped the time will never come when the insane will be unable to elope from Asylums.'

Another glimpse of the quality of asylum life under Dr Young's administration can be gleaned from an entry in his journal dated 25 May 1885 when a party was held to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday.

'We had various games and dances with music during the day. In the evening those who wished went over to the female ward and danced from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Mr. C. made an oration, Mr. C. and W. R. J. sang songs. Ice cream, cake and lemonade being handed around they all retired after singing "God Save the Queen" having enjoyed the evening very much.'

Exactly one year later Dr Young, his staff and fifty-nine patients left the Stone Fort and took up residence in the newly built Selkirk Asylum six miles away.

As a footnote to this brief history it is worth recalling that in 1910, 'after much solicitation on the part of Dr Young', the Legislature of Manitoba changed the name from Asylum to Hospital. This symbolized a new chapter in the management and treatment of the mentally ill. ♦

For support in their research on this article and on their history of mental illness in Canada, the authors acknowledge their debt to the Canadian Mental Health Association: its president the Honourable Judge George LeVatte and executive director George Rohn.

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INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

Pioneer Artist of the Prairies

By Ruth Humphrys

PART II OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

Inglis Sheldon-Williams, an English artist who had homesteaded on the western prairie at Cannington Manor, returned to Canada from England in 1913. He was forty-three years of age with a wife and young daughter. Although he was well known in the art circles of London and had exhibited with success in the capitals of Europe, he still found it difficult to earn a living as an artist. His work had taken him to South Africa and India, to Japan and Europe, but he loved Canada and had never given up a dream of establishing a home in the Canadian West.

Part II

REGINA WAS A BOOM TOWN in 1913 and Inglis was caught up in the excitement of its rapid growth. He saw an opportunity to make money in real estate; he hoped to build a reputation for himself as an artist through teaching and the exhibitions he would hold; and he planned to write 'a historical report on Canada to date', illustrated by himself. When he was established he would bring out his wife and daughter, but World War I changed his plans and the family was separated for most of the next four years.

They were disruptive years. He managed to make several trips between Regina and London during wartime, and on each visit to England he tried to enlist, but always was refused on account of his age. Because his prospects were brighter in Canada, and because he did not want to lose the contacts he had made, he returned each time to Saskatchewan. His wife, Ina, does not appear to have objected to these long separations; family responsibilities had increased with the birth of a second daughter and she encouraged him to go where work was to be found.

With his usual ease he made good and influential friends in Regina, chief of whom was Norman Mackenzie, K. C., prominent in his profession, an active patron of the arts, and a trustee of the National Gallery of Canada. Eventually he donated the money for the art gallery which bears his name. He greatly admired Inglis's work, bought a number of landscapes from him, and brought him to the attention of many prominent people. He took care of his contracts, advised him in his business affairs, and encouraged him in all his artistic endeavours. It was a prolific and

satisfying period for the artist; his reputation continued to grow, and commissions for work kept him busy. An artist today might look askance at one down-to-earth request he received, but to Inglis it was an assignment to be welcomed and fulfilled as specified.

'Will you kindly undertake the following commission for me' wrote a patron of the arts who knew what he liked. 'Paint me a prairie scene. You might insert some small figures of Indians, tepees, or Indian ponies to relieve the scenery. I would like it about the size of the horse picture I recently purchased from you, the commission not to cost more than Three Hundred Dollars and to be delivered and paid for by September, 1914.'

The order was fulfilled as outlined. Inglis was an artist but a realistic one. In England he had often acceded to requests for replicas of works he had exhibited and sold. Many painters of the Victorian and Edwardian periods considered it was part of their job to please the public; after all, the public was paying, or they hoped it would. They would probably have been amazed to see how this practical approach was reversed in the twentieth century.

Happily for Inglis a commission to paint 'a prairie scene' was his own inclination. His finest work is seen in what he called his 'subject pictures' by which he meant his depictions of the activities of farm life on the prairies and the struggles of the settler to survive, exemplified best in such works as 'The Blizzard' and 'The Fire Guard'. Appealing to him also were the native people, and he portrayed them with skill and perception and the love and respect he had for them.

Soon after his return to the West he went to the File Hills in Saskatchewan to sketch 'Pointed Cap', an Indian reputed to be 106 years old. As Inglis worked the old man talked nostalgically of early days and graphically described one particular skirmish. 'I took seven scalps that day. Those were the good times' sighed the old man, remembering.

On his journeys about the country Inglis often travelled on The Grand Trunk Pacific, and as always, the hazards of railway travel in Canada did not escape his wry comments. 'It took twenty-one and a half hours to go ninety miles' he wrote. 'When a passenger



'View of the Parliament Buildings'. Water-colour and charcoal on board. Painted in Regina, 1913.

complained the trainman scolded him, "Last time it took a damn sight longer and we hit the ties five times." And then with a fine disregard for public relations he threw in the classic, 'and if you don't like the road you needn't travel on it.' Of another trip he wrote 'At eighteen o'clock three heavy box-cars which had ground into kindling fifty yards of ties were dragged into position again and we ambled along in the gloaming looking for fresh trouble. Ninety minutes of suspense brought a siding into view, and ninety minutes more were insufficient to take it out. Finally, we began to move. "We're off again" announced a heady optimist. "Off the track, you betcha" grunted his neighbour, and so it proved.' So much for Inglis's opinion of what he called 'The Grand Bump Terrific'.

In 1916 his travels took him to Ottawa to paint the portrait of Senator A. E. Forget, an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan. On his arrival he walked to Parliament Hill from his room on Slater Street to

see the aftermath of the fire which had lately destroyed the Parliament Buildings. 'By a casual view of the Parliament Buildings' he wrote to Ina, 'you would hardly tell there has been a fire as practically all the outer walls still stand. The interior is to be replanned to better advantage as the old one was very inconvenient, I am told, and the walls will be used again by employing an inner skeleton frame of steel and concrete so it won't be such a costly job.' This must have been the hearsay of the day for the only part of the original building that remains is the Library of Parliament. 'Meanwhile, I visited the temporary "House", the Museum, and inspected the nucleus of Canada's National Gallery of purchased pictures, Watts, Brangwyn, Austin, Browne, Lavery. . . .'

These were lonely days. Inglis missed his wife and children sorely although he was fully occupied with commissions for portraits. Evidently circumstances in England had changed for Ina, as arrangements were



"I took seven scalps that day. Those were the good times" said Pointed Cap, age 106. The pencil study of the Cree warrior (lower, on book leaf) is by Inglis Sheldon-Williams, 1913. The sketch above is of Pointed Cap's grandson.

made for her and the girls to come to Canada. It was no time for an Atlantic voyage due to the constant submarine menace and it appears foolhardy that these most inauspicious times were chosen for the family to emigrate. In spite of the obvious risk plans proceeded and some of their goods were shipped ahead on the *S. S. Englishman*. It was while working on Forget's portrait that the Senator read to Inglis an item from a newspaper that said the ship had been sunk by a submarine. Inglis immediately cabled his wife to cancel their bookings, and that put an end to any thoughts of the family coming to Canada during wartime. A postscript was added to their unwise venture when five months later Ina wrote to say that some of their property had been washed up on the shores of the Island of Gigha, Scotland. Old letters identified the goods and they were able to buy them at a salvage sale.

During the war years Inglis's reputation as a portrait artist steadily increased and he received a number of commissions for studies of people in public life. The Law Society of Saskatchewan requested portraits of

certain Chief Justices and the Speaker of the Provincial Government. The Chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan, the Mayor of Regina, and the Premier of Saskatchewan were further assignments. He tackled with relish the opportunity to 'do' the Archbishop of Regina, Oliver Elzear Mathieu, D. D. He wrote to Ina outlining how he intended to work up the portrait: '... a most ambitious archbishop, he wears a terrific magenta cape over his black gown. ... the background, a veranda or cloister effect with a decorative version of Regina showing a turn in Wascana Creek and the Roman Catholic Cathedral. ... a sort of Van Eyck-y idea!'

Time has not been kind in its assessment of Inglis Sheldon-Williams, portraitist, and today most of these commissioned works have been stored away and forgotten. Portraiture, with the exception of some fine Indian studies, was a minor aspect of his development, and in retrospect, the least successful. At the time however, his portraits were generally well received by the public and financially rewarding. Several portraits were sent on loan to an exhibition in Toronto at the request of the Royal Canadian Academy, and here there was some adverse criticism.

In 1916 he was asked by Regina College to organize a department of art. Pupils were to pay twenty dollars per term and all fees would go directly to 'The Professor' as they called him. At the time he was pleased to undertake this project. He was a good teacher and the classes appear to have been a success, but after a year he decided not to continue. He wanted more time for his own work, he explained; but in truth the reasons were deeper. He was greatly troubled by the war, his separation from his family, and his inability to obtain a commission as an official war artist and go to 'The Front'.

It was not for lack of trying that Inglis found himself unable to 'get into action'. He refused to accept the over-age disqualification and importuned every official whom he thought might be able to speak on his behalf. He wrote to Arthur Meighen, then Solicitor-General, for 'a pass to the Front'. Norman Mackenzie recalled that he took special courses to qualify. Although he wanted a war-artist assignment, he would, he said, 'do anything', no doubt recalling the easier days of the South African War when, as a trooper, he was still able to sketch for the *Sphere*. He volunteered to work as an orderly and suggested he 'work without pay', but such dramatic overtures made no impressions on the military. He was too old.

Mackenzie took up his persuasive pen. It was his somewhat extravagant opinion that Inglis Sheldon-Williams was the finest artist working in Canada at that time. 'Second to none' he declared stoutly. Who better to portray the Canadian soldier at the Front? Perhaps he was not just basing his opinion on his own admiration of the artist's work. At this time Inglis's



'The Fire Guard', oil on canvas, 1923. From the collection of the Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery.

paintings were fetching prices comparable to those of The Group of Seven, and it is probable his sales were more numerous. People were comfortable with his classical representations of familiar activities and the land they knew. He evoked no storms of criticism, no controversy. For the most part his work was done as he had been taught in the traditional style of conservative European schools.

Mackenzie bombarded prominent people with letters. He managed to persuade someone in Ottawa to write to Lord Kitchener explaining that 'Mr. Sheldon-Williams is an artist of repute and is desirous of seeing actual conditions at the Front with a view to immortalizing in paintings the works of the troops in the present war.' He asked the Honourable J. A. Calder, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, whose portrait Inglis had painted, to intercede with Lord Beaverbrook, then setting up the new Ministry of Information in London. He suggested how the letter should be phrased, and asked that a follow-up letter be sent as he feared the pressures of various war crises might cause Beaverbrook to overlook Sheldon-Williams. By the end of December, 1917, officialdom had been brought to its knees and Lord Beaverbrook appointed Inglis an official Canadian war artist. He

returned to England and his family at once, but such was the tangle of red tape that it took another appeal to Beaverbrook before Inglis, after months of frustration, found himself in uniform in France. The date was 28 October 1918.

He was able to set up a studio at headquarters but there were problems. He wrote he 'had to fight obstructionists all the way'. He was no doubt demanding and difficult; once he was threatened with arrest. 'Everything I have got' he declared. 'I got in spite of "the man in charge"'. The seniors give support, the underlings opposition. . . . but let it be understood, I have had a whale of a time.'

He saw some fighting in those last few days; he perceived the sad, brave people, and the ideas and emotions flowed in upon him faster than he could record them in letter and sketch-book. He was humbled by the emotions of a rescued people beside their shattered homes, and harrowed by such sights as a small child picking her way around the body of a dead soldier.

On Armistice Day he went into Mons with the Canadians under General Sir Arthur Currie, and later he was attached to the army of occupation in Germany where he was gratified to find he could still get along



Inglis Sheldon-Williams at work. A pencil drawing by his wife Ina. In the background is his oil painting 'The Canadians Entering Mons'.

reasonably well in German. His war-time experiences had a tremendous effect on this sensitive man. 'There is nothing I have not seen' he wrote. 'I have a noble epic in my mind. It has nothing to do with studios and art talk. I wonder what I can do with it. Whatever I do with my paints, I have found and possessed this great thing. I would like to share it if I can.'

When he returned to England in 1919 he took with him almost two hundred sketches. His family was living in Bedfordshire but his first priority was to find a studio in London large enough to work on two pictures, each measuring approximately fifteen by nine and a half feet, which had been commissioned by Lord Beaverbrook's War Memorial Fund. Accommodation was almost impossible to find and he regretted to note the disappearance of the old artistic establishments in Chelsea. 'All studios are occupied by homeless people and people who jazz' he sniffed. A complete stranger came to his rescue temporarily. Later he shared a studio with a fellow Canadian artist 'on the same work as mine', Captain Kenneth Forbes,

and there he was able to devote himself to his two huge paintings, 'The Canadians at the Rhine,' and 'The Canadians Entering Mons, Armistice Day, 1918'. These two works are now the property of the National Gallery of Canada. On completion they were shown at the Toronto Exhibition in 1920, and later, on separate occasions, in London at the Royal Academy. When the hanging committee accepted two portraits and 'The Canadians at the Rhine' for their annual exhibition in 1922 (they had chosen 'The Canadians entering Mons' the previous year) it was considered a triumph. Three was the full number of canvasses an artist could submit for selection; it was a rare and signal honour to have all three works accepted for one showing. This recognition won for Inglis election to the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, but in time it was the very size of the pictures that assigned them to storage, and the last occasion one of them was shown was during Expo '67 at a special exhibit at the War Museum in Ottawa.

During his sojourn on the continent Inglis had sought out his brother Ralf, a sergeant in intelligence and reconnaissance with the Fourth Canadian Machine Gun Battalion. Ralf had a distinguished army career, had been awarded the Military Medal and on discharge was a captain. By inclination he was a poet and an artist whose amusing Christmas cards and humorous rhymes sent from France delighted his family and friends. By vocation he was a newspaperman living in Victoria.

It may have been the brother's talks about Canada, or perhaps it was Inglis's inability to settle down to routine, but after the war, in spite of his family and the important work he had before him, he was quick to accept a commission for the Saskatchewan Government when it was offered. It would mean he could visit Victoria to see Ralf and have a reunion with his two sisters in Regina.

Dorothea and Catherine Sheldon-Williams were a lively, amusing pair, well established in the community and with a wide variety of interests. They were fiercely proud of their brother whom they had kept in close touch with and encouraged in all his endeavours over the years. Dorothea, who was a secretary at the Court House, had a gift for portraiture and was well known locally as a water-colourist and lecturer on Shakespeare.

Catherine was prominent in the field of education and had her mother's ability and drive. Known as 'The Grand Lady of Saskatchewan Education', she was a familiar figure on Regina streets as she rode a bicycle everywhere about the city during all her active years. She organized the Outpost Correspondence School which later became the Saskatchewan Correspondence School; she served many years on the Regina School Board and led a campaign to have a technical school built in the city. The Sheldon-

Williams Collegiate was so named in recognition of her contribution to education in the province.

The visit to Ralf in Victoria was a busy and productive time. The brothers collaborated on a small book *The Canadian Front in France and Flanders*, published by A. & C. Black, London, 1920, with text by Ralf and illustrations by Inglis. The artist had not given up his hope of living in Canada, and described himself to his publisher as a 'Canadian by Adoption', a term he used again to Eric Brown, Director of the National Gallery in Ottawa. Brown was instrumental in having Sheldon-Williams invited to submit his work to the jury which was choosing Canadian art to represent Canada at the British Empire Exhibition of 1923, and shared his satisfaction when two portraits were accepted.

During the early twenties, Inglis was receiving considerable recognition in London and was exhibiting regularly at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters. He had managed another trip to Canada in 1922, and when he returned to England after that visit, which was his last, he began to paint again from sketches and memory the prairie scene and the daily life of the farmer. He shipped these pictures back to his sisters who relied on the good offices of Norman Mackenzie to find buyers. It was a prolific period for Inglis. He worked hard, and sales were reasonably good, but it was still difficult to make a living. These creative years after the war should have been a happy time, but the pressure of finishing his two monumental war pictures had taken its toll, and he did not seem to be able to relax in the routine of family life in Bedfordshire. Sometime during this period he suffered 'a nervous breakdown', brought on ostensibly by overwork, and for which he prescribed for himself a bicycle tour through France and Italy.

It must have been fortunate for his tolerant wife that she had her daughters for companionship and her painting to keep her interested and occupied. She had made her own reputation as an artist, had had work accepted by the Royal Academy and had exhibited in Paris. She did sensitive studies of children and delicate flower water-colours, three of which had been purchased on separate occasions by Queen Mary. It is not surprising that with such a background, their daughter Nancy, who showed definite artistic gifts, wanted to study art, but, oddly, her father encouraged her to take secretarial training. Perhaps he did not want her to know the financial uncertainties he had always had to face. However, Nancy did manage some art lessons in her spare time and had the pleasure and satisfaction of selling some of her work.

Financial insecurity never seemed to deter Inglis from following his own inclinations. The bicycle tour was to be his next adventure. He arrived in Dieppe with twelve hundred and fifty francs fastened with a safety pin in his breast pocket, and proceeded,



Catherine and Dorothea Sheldon-Williams who came to the Cannington Manor homestead in 1888, and later moved to Regina.

according to his own account, to 'live like a lord at the prodigal rate of nearly a hundred pounds a year, roughly, five shillings a day. I smoked like a chimney, ate liberally at the inns, scattered largesse, and made some headway in the study of the country's wines.' The architecture, especially the cathedrals, enchanted him. 'That great upward rush is like a fountain . . . they are alive, every one of them, and every one is different, each a personality in stone. Raised to the glory of one creed, they seem to absorb all creeds.' Of the Alps he said, 'Quite a good show, the great lesson they teach is not to worry about petty things of life. Your bills, for instance.'

This extended trip resulted in two books, *A Dawdle in France* and *A Dawdle in Lombardy and Venice*, published in England by A. & C. Black, and distributed in Canada by Macmillan. His lovely pen drawings, his philosophical ramblings, and his sense of humour gave them a certain charm. They were literate and original in thought, written in highly individual prose. They were also, by today's standards,

'11 Weech Road — August 1935
(Tea in garden with family).'
Sketched by Sheldon-Williams
on his return to England,
where he died in 1940.



overwritten and flowery, but in 1926 they were well received and favourably reviewed. 'A book to possess, it can be taken up again and again,' wrote the *Manitoba Free Press* of *A Dawdle in France*.

But it was Italy that drew Inglis back to the continent. He had found the art atmosphere he could most enjoy and work in and for the next few years, although his travels took him back to England and about the continent, he established himself in Liguria, again on his own. At one time Ina and one of their daughters came to visit him, and although they stayed several months, and Ina worked and painted with him, it was a visit only and they returned to England without him.

Inglis produced some fine work during this time, pictures of delicacy and sensitivity, done in the disciplined, classical style he so completely espoused. His aim was, he said, 'to get a Düreresque precision of details in the pencil work.' He and Ina held a joint exhibition in London of their Italian work, and the critics found in his paintings an increasing sense of composition and more subtle use of colour. But, perversely, even as he matured and learned anew he was coming to find that painting was no longer enough for him, and in 1932, he wrote that he 'had decided to give up oil painting as a means of profit because the modern madness has disgusted people of taste with the whole subject of art.'

He travelled about the continent and back to England during this period, but he appears to have spent most of his time in Italy, where in spite of the art atmosphere he loved he turned more and more to writing. Naïve politically, he wrote a long, exhaustive treatise on *The State and the Individual in Italy and England*. Unrealistic, he tried vainly to gain the

backing of the Italian government for a grandiose combined written and illustrated project he had devised to compare the glories of ancient Rome with the restorations of Mussolini. He wrote a novel which was promptly rejected by Black; Ina was instructed forthwith to find another publisher. The entire flow of writing that he poured out of Italy was sent to her for inspection and marketing. Like his 'Dawdles' his essays were original, thoughtful, and overwritten. If his pen had been as disciplined as his brush he might well have achieved more success as a writer.

He stayed in Italy until 1935, and then fretting about getting on in years, he decided to return to England to settle down. He was still producing lovely water-colours and after one show *The Times* critic described him as 'a very learned painter'. He let his membership in the Royal Institute of Oil Painters lapse, and when the Royal Society of Arts asked to be allowed to nominate him for election he did not trouble to fill in and return the application form. It was an honour that would have meant so much to him just a few short years past. In discussing his rigid views on the changes in the art world a daughter wrote, '... today's painting with its wonderful opportunity for the expression of spiritual and philosophical values that are opened up to the artist are qualities which were so much a part of his character that he might well have been the ideal instrument for their expression.' And she added sadly that she felt no one had explained this to him.

The spate of writing on every conceivable subject flowed on unabated. He wrote of what he knew and of what he knew not. He was humorous, he was original and wise, and he was articulate and wordy. No subject was too trivial or too esoteric for his consideration. His



'Sun Dogs and Sleigh Bells'. Oil on canvas, 1923.

editors cut down the verbiage and gave him further assignments. One editor wrote, 'If one were running a disputative journal you would doubtless occupy yards of space.'

As the tensions in Europe mounted he devised a scheme for the evacuation of London should it become necessary. The *Sphere* published a series of his articles on the Civilian Defence Program in which he urged public-spirited citizens to organize themselves, to realize that the haphazard would not do. Yet he wrote painfully of '... the sublime insanity of my gas-proof room. . . . when I did those paintings. . . did I tell you I was an artist? . . . you'd never know it if I didn't, I never dreamt how usefully oiled canvas would come in for lining my air-lock. There's a beauty I had in the R.O.I. . . . just the right size for the top . . . a quiet pastoral scene it is . . . with cows.'

When war came he criticized the red tape and bungling that went on, yet was quick to confess that as

a Londoner and an Air Raid Patrol warden he found his own house lit up. He put all his energies and enthusiasm into his war effort. He was deeply patriotic, loved the people of London and was filled with an awesome respect for their tremendous courage. In spite of 'the horrors of war, the job was rather fun.' But his health was failing and he did not live to see the horrors that were to come. He moved to Tunbridge Wells, where, after a long illness, he died in November 1940. He was seventy years old.

What he wanted most had been denied him. His sister Dorothea said that he never ceased to regret that the loss of his investments in Western Canada made it impossible for him to settle in Saskatchewan as he had hoped to do. It might have been a solace to him, if he had realized it, to know that the accurate paintings of the homesteader's life that he left would be for future generations an enduring record of an important chapter in the settling of the West. ♦

The Prairie Crocus

By D. Wayne Moodie,
Professor of Geography,
University of Manitoba



The 'gosling flower' pushes its furry head into the chilling spring wind.

THE PRAIRIE CROCUS, floral emblem of the state of South Dakota and the province of Manitoba, is neither a crocus nor is it limited in its geographical distribution to the prairie region. Rather, it is a species of *Anemone*, botanically called *Anemone patens* L., which extends from the northern grasslands of the United States northward into the subarctic forests of Canada. However, it is in the prairie environment that *Anemone patens* is most conspicuous in the floral landscape. Its flower closely resembles that of the true crocus in both colour and shape, so it is not surprising that the first settlers in Manitoba, the Selkirk colonists, referred to it as the 'prairie crocus'. It seemed to be a grassland version of the wild crocus that was abundant in their native Scotland.

Among the other popular names by which the prairie crocus is known, that of 'windflower' is perhaps most common. Indeed, its generic name, *Anemone*, is derived from the Greek word *anemos* — wind — in reference to its thriving in windy locations and in the windy environment of spring. The prairie crocus, which is the first flower to bloom on the northern prairie, has also been called the 'pasque flower', the 'gosling flower' and the 'prairie smoke flower'. The latter name is suggested by the appearance of patches of these bluish-mauve flowers blooming upon exposed prairie slopes or hillsides when the surrounding vegetation is still lifeless and brown. With their blossoms pulsing in the wind, they evoke images of smoke hovering low above the prairie. The term 'gosling flower' in contrast, reflects its appearance when, even before the snow has melted, it pushes a

furry or hairy head into the chilling spring wind. 'Very brave little flowers' commented the Cree Indians, noting that it was still so cold when they appeared that they came forth wearing their fur coats.

It is by virtue of its prevernal blossoming that the prairie crocus has come to be seen as a harbinger of spring as well as a floral symbol of the renewal of life. The first Europeans on the prairie came to call it the 'pasque flower', or the 'Easter flower' and some used its purple sepals to dye their Easter eggs.

Although there are many European celebrations of this flower in both poetry and prose, there is perhaps no symbolism associated with the prairie crocus that is as poignant as that which developed in the traditions of the Sioux or Dakota Indians. Like most Indians, the Dakota revered all living creatures and possessed songs and stories about the different plants and animals with which they were familiar. Their song of the prairie crocus, 'Hoksi-Cekpa Wahca', has been translated into English in the following manner:

I wish to encourage the children of other flower
nations
Which are now appearing over all the land;
So while they waken from sleep and rise from the
bosom
Of Mother Earth, I stand here old and gray-headed.

Some of the metaphors in this song have been eloquently described by Melvin Randolph Gilmore, pioneer botanist and early student of Indian life on the Upper Missouri. Gilmore has written: 'The saying: "I wish to encourage the children of other flower



The prairie crocus in full bloom.

nations" refers to the very early prevernal blossoming of this plant and its consequent ripening while the other flower species (nations) are just peeping through the ground. The entire plant is hairy, and when mature its seed head is plumose and white, similar to the clematis head, suggesting the head of a very old man with long white hair. This explains the allusion in "I stand here old and gray-headed".

Gilmore explains the role of the prairie crocus in the spiritual world of the Dakota Indians: "When in springtime an old man of the Dakota nation first finds one of these flowers it reminds him of his childhood, when he wandered over the hills at play as free from sorrow and care as the birds and the flowers. He sits down near the flower, upon the lap of Mother Earth, takes out his pipe and fills it with tobacco. Then he reverently holds the pipe towards the earth, then towards the sky, then towards the north, the east, the south and the west. After this act of silent invocation and thanksgiving, he smokes. Tobacco was sacred and was used ceremonially as an incense. The pipe was therefore a sort of censer, and was accordingly treated with respect and reverence. In smoking, Indians did not seize the pipestem in the teeth. Such an act would be sacrilegious. The mouthpiece of the pipe-

stem was gently presented to the lips and the breath drawn through. By this inspiration the smoke united the mystery of the tobacco, the mystery of fire and the mystery of the breath of life.

"While the old man sits by the flower and smokes he meditates upon all the changing scenes of his lifetime; his joys and sorrows, his youthful hopes, his accomplishments, his disappointments, and upon the guidance of the Unseen Powers accorded to him thus far upon the journey of life, and he is encouraged to believe that he will be guided to the end of life's journey "beyond the fourth hill" of life; as he has been guided over the hill of childhood, the hill of youth, and the hill of manhood's prime, that he will also be guided over the last hill, the hill of old age.

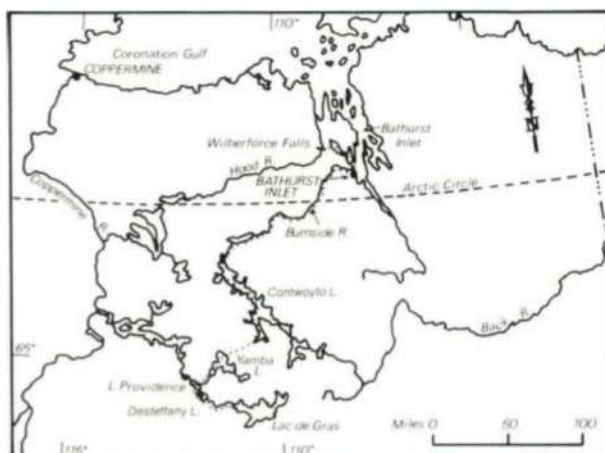
"After finishing his pipe he empties the ashes reverently upon the ground near the pasque flower which he has been contemplating. Then he rises and plucks the flower prayerfully and carries it carefully home to show to his grandchildren, singing as he goes, the song of the pasque flower, which he learned as a child and which he now teaches to his grandchildren, commending to them the example of the flower in its courage and endurance and its faithfulness." ♦

Alone on The Barrens

By Alexander MacLennan Hall

Wildlife biologist Hall operates a canoe-guiding business in the Northwest Territories, and has canoed 30 of the remote rivers of the North.

Photographs are by the author.



AS THE LITTLE CESSNA droned on, I peered down to watch a huge ice-filled lake inch slowly by below. My plan called for the pilot to put me down with my canoe on the Coppermine River at Lac de Gras. From there I would paddle north-west to Lake Providence where I would ascend an unnamed river rising sixty miles to the north-east. After crossing the height of land I would make my way along eighty miles of Contwoyto Lake, then follow the precipitous Burnside River 165 miles to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Coast. The Burnside was an old obsession of mine that had been rejuvenated by the experiences of my friend Jay Pritchett. Jay's party had descended the Burnside in 1975 and were probably the first to do so.

Now it was 21 June and I was flying out to the Coppermine over the big ice-choked lakes that formed the headwaters of the Lockhart River just north of the tree-line. Spring had come early south of Great Slave Lake where I had spent the past three weeks, but here in the western Barrens the break-up was obviously close to average. I had arrived one week too early. Nevertheless, I had some degree of confidence in my route which was designed to avoid big lakes as much as possible. Even if ice conditions should delay me by two weeks there was ample food in my seven weeks' supply to see me through to my destination.

The pilot eased the Cessna into a widening of the Coppermine just below the solid white expanse of Lac de Gras. A few minutes later I was standing on shore watching the aircraft roar off to the south again. As its hum died in the distance I grew aware of the almost spiritual silence and my feelings of isolation and insignificance in this vast uninhabited wilderness.

Summer was ripening south of tree-line but here it was only beginning. The dying remains of a few snowdrifts were still in evidence along the rugged rocky hills and the tundra reflected a brownish tint, not yet fully greened by the almost endless sun. Caribou were far off to the north-east but the land was throbbing with birdlife ranging from little Lapland longspurs to terns, jaegers, ducks, and loons.

The first obstacle in my path was nine miles of rotten candle ice filling the basin of Desteffany Lake. At first my way appeared to be effectively blocked but then I discovered that the south-west wind had pushed the ice fifty yards off the southern shore of the lake, allowing me to pass. The rivers flushing into the southern end of Lake Providence had cleared out enough ice by 25 June to give me access to the unnamed river which I would ascend through Yamba Lake and beyond. Now began the hard work of wading up rapids and transporting four loads of food and equipment over each portage. Along one series of rapids I found some canoe-patching material — two rolls of birch bark that had probably been dropped by some party of Indians several generations ago.

When I reached Yamba Lake I climbed up on a high esker and used my binoculars to search for a passage through the ice. The lake sprawled out in all directions. Only fifteen miles separated my position from a little bay where I would resume my course up the river, but the only water visible led out along a big island towards the middle of the lake. Through a combination of fantastic luck and a good deal of skidding my canoe over ice, I managed to cross the lake that day by following a series of leads along a chain of islands.



*View of the Burnside River. The author canoed down this waterway
165 miles to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Coast.*



*Part of the vast herd of 125,000 caribou seen on the upper Burnside River during their
mid-summer migration from the calving grounds at Bathurst Inlet.*

North-east of Yamba Lake the rugged stony hills gave way to a smooth, green, gently-rolling country characteristic of the great plateau that cradled Contwoyto Lake at an elevation of 1,460 feet. I was almost looking forward to my confrontation with this great lake as an escape from this desolation I was crossing. The birdlife that had been so abundant along the Coppermine had shunned this land and had it not been for the occasional bugling of the old squaw ducks the entire country would have seemed virtually lifeless.

When I arrived at the south-west arm of Contwoyto Lake it was ice-free but my progress was delayed two days by thunderstorms and strong winds before I reached the main body of the lake. From this point, Contwoyto cut across the plateau to the north-west for another fifty-five miles. All that could be seen of the lake was a great, white, shimmering plain of ice that disappeared into the horizon. A little open water allowed me to cross to the island where a lonely radio station had been built to assist aircraft in crossing the Barrens. The three men who operated the station were most hospitable and gave me the freedom of their quarters throughout my stay. A few hundred yards

A bull muskox enjoying a dust bath, suddenly turned



A lone muskox is dwarfed by the wide valley of the Burnside River.



... and charged down the river embankment toward the author.



away stood a handful of crude wooden shacks that had been the homes of the last Eskimos to inhabit the inland regions of the continental Barrens. They left for Coppermine in 1974 and did not return.

At the radio station I was giving serious consideration to turning south for Great Slave Lake. As I looked up Contwoyto Lake it seemed impossible that a canoe could advance very far in that ice within the next week or two. On the other hand, I had seen the miracles that the wind could perform so I decided to wait. On 9 July a south-west wind began opening up the western shore of the lake and by noon I had advanced fourteen miles before the water ran out. The next morning a west wind came up and I was off again following the narrow passage along the shore, paddling twenty-two miles this time. I could not believe my good fortune as I made camp that night on the edge of that great ice-filled lake. Only twenty-five miles of shoreline travel separated me from the outlet of the Burnside River.

Everything seemed to be going my way. Willow and dwarf birch suitable for firewood were exceedingly scarce in this country but on this location wood was no problem. I was camped on an ore body that had been intensively prospected in the early 1960s and claim stakes and scrap lumber lined the beach. Just to the north, the beautiful Peacock and Willingham Hills loomed up promising more interesting terrain. And the land was coming to life. Flocks of ptarmigan occupied the few thickets of dwarf birch and hundreds of long-tailed jaegers lined the edge of the ice. Later that

evening a big white wolf sauntered through camp. I felt I had reached a turning point.

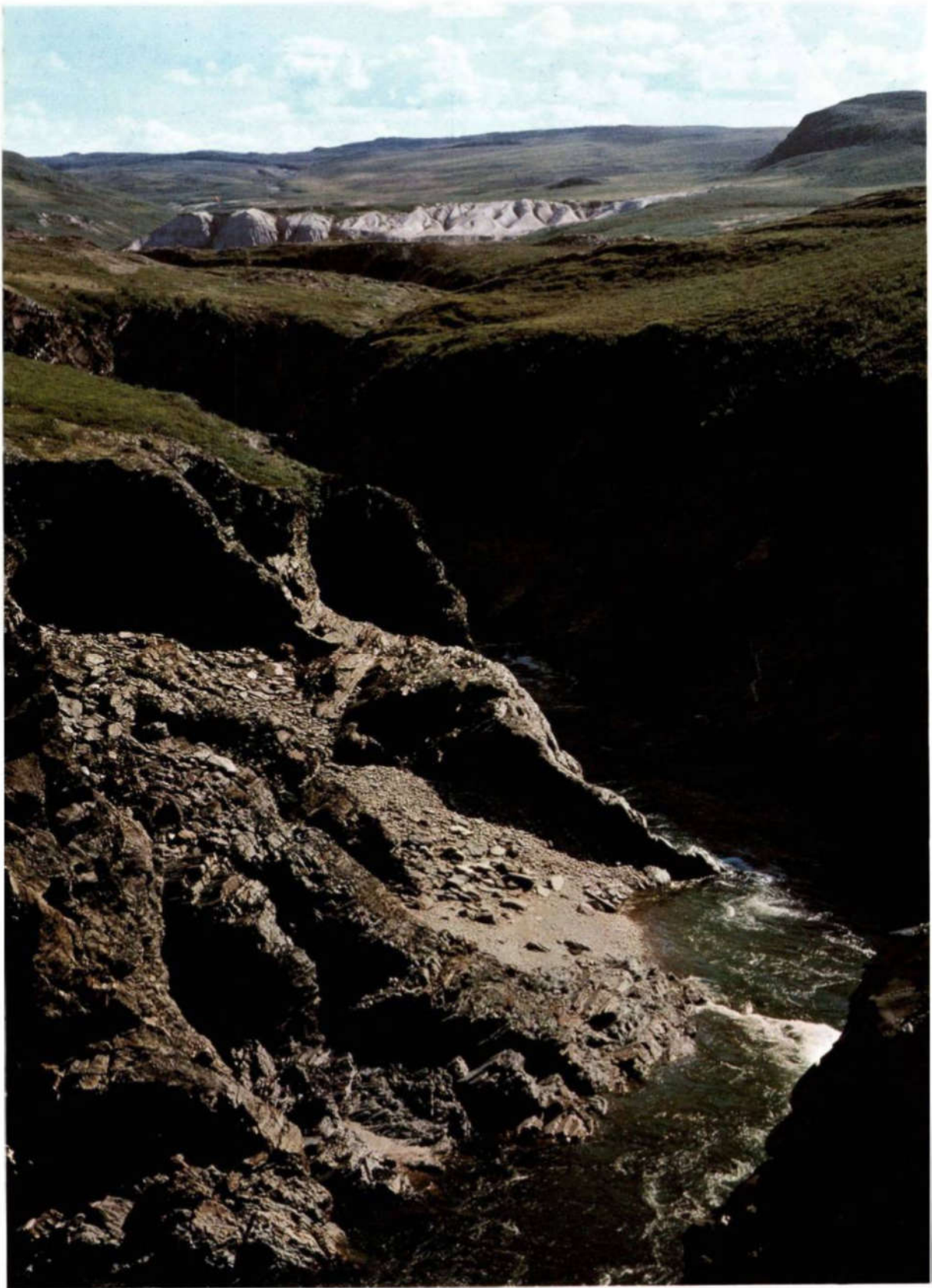
By the next morning a north-east wind had moved the ice in, trapping me there for the next three days. The weather turned bitterly cold and it was depressing to find new ice forming between the pans of candle ice that held me prisoner. When the shore ice began to shift on the fourth day I decided on a course of action. From a vantage point on a hill I had seen some open water far out on the lake that I believed would lead to an ice-free shoreline along the far side. I hastily constructed a sled from the abandoned lumber, loaded it on my canoe, then paddled out towards the middle of the lake through the jigsaw puzzle of broken ice.

About a mile out I came to the edge of solid ice where I loaded my canoe and packs on the sled to begin hauling towards open water about two miles away. The sledding proved more laborious than I had expected; the sharp porous ice quickly cut the wooden runners to ribbons. Changing my tactics, I began to portage everything over the great white expanse in short stages. Several times I came to newly frozen leads but I was able to break through in the canoe and float everything across. When the far edge of the ice field could no longer support my weight I pushed the loaded canoe over the surface until I reached open water. This water led me in a circuitous route to the far side of the lake where I was relieved to find an ice-free corridor along the shore. I was roundly congratulating myself on my ingenious accomplishments when a freshening south wind began moving the ice in and stranded me before I could advance a single mile up the lake.

When the wind stopped two days later I set out again with a new plan of attack. A good deal of backtracking and portaging allowed me to recross the lake so that by mid afternoon I was advancing in open water past the location where I had earlier abandoned my sled. An unfavourable north wind was building but I managed to clear two critical points of land scant minutes before the ice pack came crashing ashore. Jubilant, I pitched camp late that evening beneath the Peacock Hills near the outlet of the Burnside River. I had finally escaped my prison of ice.

When Hearne reached the Burnside in 1771 he met some Yellowknife Indians hunting caribou at a traditional summer crossing not far below Contwoyto Lake. Indians have not hunted caribou here for one hundred years or more but occasionally pilots report enormous herds passing through this area en route from the calving grounds at Bathurst Inlet. In planning this trip I had hoped I would be lucky enough to encounter this remarkable mid-summer migration.

On 17 July I set off down the Burnside with the feeling that I was embarking on a great adventure. The maps showed that most of the river dropped between eleven and twenty-two feet per mile which on the Canadian Shield indicated miles of dangerous rapids



Canyon on the lower Burnside River near Bathurst Inlet.

and much portaging. Around noon I came to Belanger Rapids where Franklin's party had crossed in 1821 on their death march to tree-line. Just below these rapids I noticed that the rocks on the hills were moving. Caribou! A half-mile wide phalanx of caribou was swarming down the hillsides two miles away. I swung the canoe in the heavy current and scrambled up on top of a nearby knoll where I could see more of the surrounding area. An incredible tide of living flesh was surging towards me. The massive column fanned out as it approached, then engulfed and flowed around me. There were tens of thousands of caribou in sight. The cows were honking and grunting at their young calves but the steady din of these guttural sounds was so muffled by the wind that the great herd marched by in almost ghostlike silence. After five hours the last of the column had passed and the land lay empty again. A biologist I later met who had flown over this herd several days before had estimated its numbers at 125,000.

My next week or so on the Burnside was almost idyllic. On the days I chose to travel, the river sped me along for twenty-five or thirty-five miles. The Burnside was full of rapids but the drops were evenly graded so that most of them were easy to negotiate and made for delightful canoeing. The long sunny days turned hot and even the swimming became pleasant. As I continued downstream the valley grew lush with grasses and clumps of willow and alder. Big soft green hills billowed up seven hundred feet or more above the swirling river and against them, like little black ants, I sometimes saw some muskoxen grazing. There were small bands of caribou, some young wolves at a den, surprising numbers of ground squirrels, and birds of all kinds.

One day I came upon a big bull muskox giving himself a dust bath near the top of a fifty-foot embankment along the river. I had beached my canoe and was changing the film in my camera when the muskox suddenly charged down the bank towards me. I had had unpleasant encounters with these monsters before so I lost little time in leaping back into the canoe. Unfortunately, my hasty departure was prevented by the canoe becoming lodged on some rocks. Meanwhile, the beast had pulled up short of the canoe and was rooting up the ground with its horns, thoroughly spraying me with dirt in the process. In my frantic efforts to free myself, a number of loose film canisters rolled off a pack and fell into the river. As I quickly scooped the precious film out of the water, my fear turned to anger and I rather impolitely told the brute where I wished he would go. With an amazed look on his face he suddenly turned on his heels and galloped away. Only then did I realize he had probably not seen me until I had shouted.

As I approached the coast, the hills grew much steeper and rockier and lost much of their richness and



A rare photograph of a Barren Ground grizzly, asleep beside a partially-eaten muskox.

charm. The river rushed between wide boulder beds and cut along towering banks of sand and clay where I sometimes heard a falcon cry or glimpsed a golden eagle as it took flight. Above its delta the Burnside was squeezed between the narrow rock walls of a spectacular canyon that funnelled its churning waters down four miles of chutes and falls before dumping it into the sea. Other than a ten-yard liftover below Belanger Rapids, this was the first portage I was required to make since embarking on the river. Although I was able to shorten this portage somewhat by running part of the canyon above and below Burnside Falls, the day's work was made miserable by the oppressive heat and the swarms of black flies that had emerged during the past few days.

On 27 July I paddled down the last few miles of the Burnside to Bathurst Inlet where I spent the next several days wandering along this surprisingly lush coastline. This period was highlighted by my walk to the Hood River where Wilberforce Falls drops 165 feet into an awesome gorge with sheer rock walls two hundred feet in height. The timing of my arrival at the falls proved perfect, for there I found my friend Pritchett who had just led his party down the Coppermine and Hood Rivers.

A few days later we converged on Bathurst Inlet Lodge and its affable hosts, the Warners, to await the chartered float planes from Yellowknife. Bathurst Inlet was seething with the activity of over one hundred prospectors and their supporting aircraft. At the lodge, Pritchett and I discussed how only a few years ago one could travel for hundreds of miles without encountering any sign of modern man. Now it seemed to be difficult to avoid the camps and helicopters deployed in the quest for minerals. We were witnessing the acceleration of a new phase in man's exploitation of the Barren Grounds, a phase that would eventually shrink the vastness of this last great wilderness. ♦

Indian Life in Spring

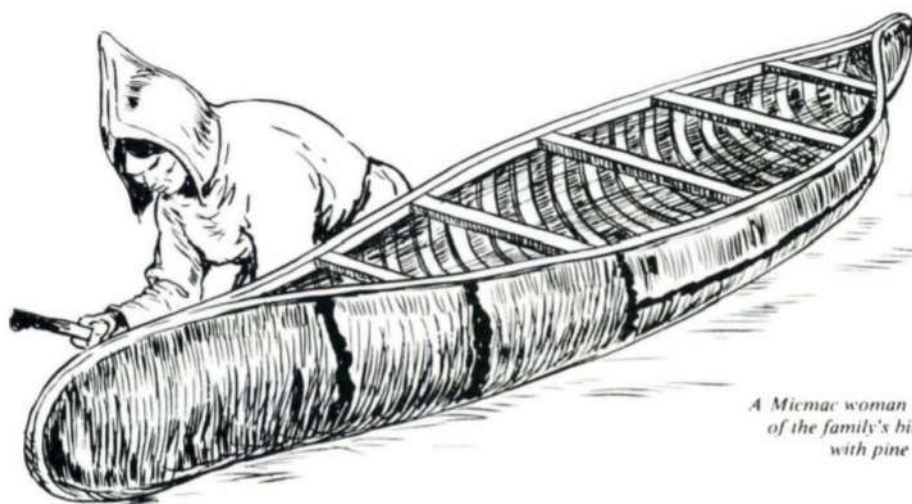
Text by Edward S. Rogers. Illustrations by Lee R. Updike.

Dr Rogers is Curator, Department of Ethnology, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.

*The work of Lee Updike has been published in a number of books,
the most recent being 'The First People'.*

A Blackfoot woman unpacks the travois after the spring move from the valley up onto the open plain.





A Micmac woman seals the seams of the family's birch-bark canoe with pine tar and grease.

AS SPRING ADVANCED NORTHWARD, the Micmac, Northern Ojibwa, Blackfoot, Nootka and the other Indians who inhabited the vast expanse of Canada, eagerly awaited its arrival. Their lives then became somewhat easier. Their thoughts and fears of winter, a time often fraught with danger and hardship, now faded momentarily. Many birds, especially waterfowl in large numbers, returned from their winter quarters in the south; fish began to move about freely and plants and trees burst forth in new greenery and blooms. Yet each geographic region of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had its own schedule of events that transpired at this time of year. Accordingly, those Indians who inhabited a particular region, had, over time, evolved their own distinctive means of coping with the conditions initiated with the arrival of spring.

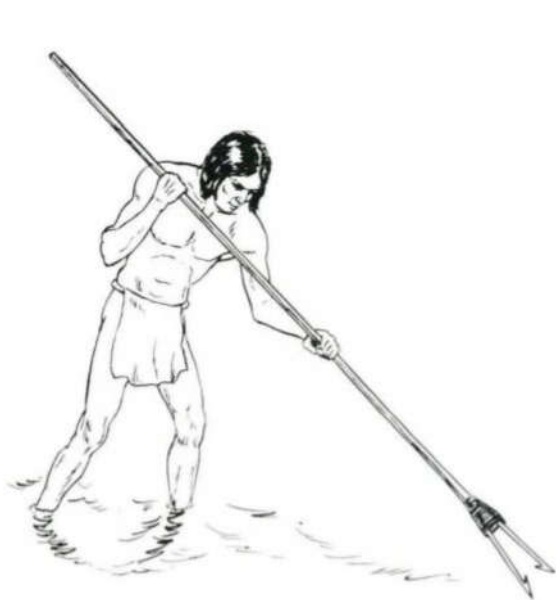
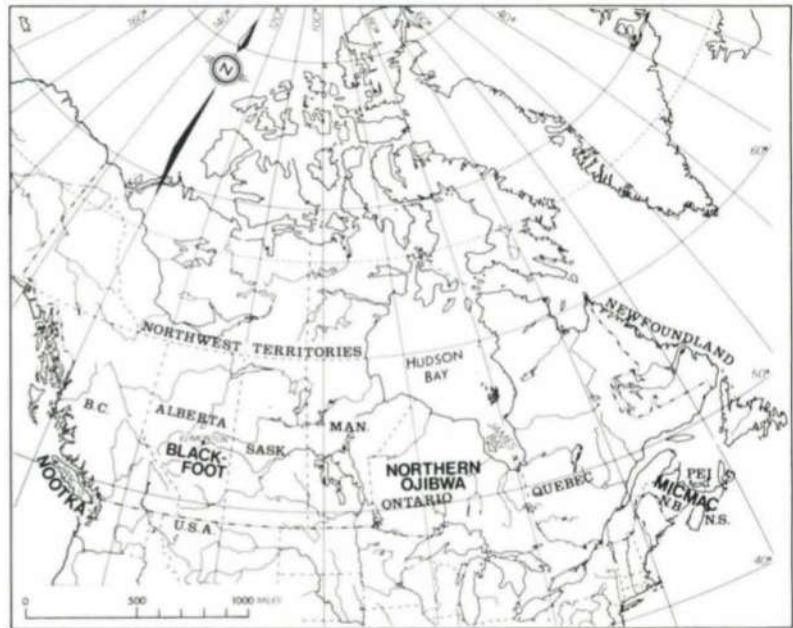
The Micmac, residents of the Maritimes, began to make plans to abandon their lonely winter camps which had been erected inland away from coastal waters. In democratic fashion, they decided among themselves where they would spend the summer on the coast and in so doing predetermined their spring movements. As the weather became milder the only major climatic condition the Micmac had to deal with was the abundant rains.

The snow melted, as did the ice that had sealed the lakes and rivers all winter. Once navigation of the waterways became possible, snowshoes and toboggans were placed in storage until autumn. During the weeks of open water, travel was easy. Birch-bark canoes of a style distinctive to the Indian inhabitants of the Maritimes provided a convenient mode of water transport. As a rule, canoes were built during the spring, since at this time of year the bark of the birch tree used to cover the framework of the canoe

could more easily be peeled from the trunk of the tree in large pieces. The bark became loosened as the sap rose in response to the lengthening days and increasing warmth. If one piece was not sufficient to cover the frame, the women lashed additional pieces to it with split spruce roots. At the same time, the men constructed the wooden frame. The women and girls then secured the bark to the framework, again using split spruce roots. Finally, the women sealed all seams with pine tar mixed with grease. As they did this, the men fashioned the necessary paddles with crooked knives. A few trial runs determined what flaws the craft might have and the steps that had to be taken to remedy them.

With the arrival of spring, the Micmac were assured of an adequate supply of food, but only if they abandoned their winter camps and hastened to new campsites located near waters productive of fish and waterfowl. One means of securing fish was to erect a fence of poles and brush across a stream at a favourite location. An opening would be left in the fence and here a 'bag-net' was attached. As the fish attempted to ascend the stream on their spawning runs, they would be stopped by the barrier, only to find the opening that led into the bag-net. Here they were trapped and lifted out at the discretion of the fishermen. Sturgeon, as they ascended to their spawning grounds, might be taken with harpoons. Such fishing was carried out in the dark of night from a canoe outfitted with a torch that overhung the bow. The light attracted the sturgeon and when it became visible to the fisherman, he attempted to harpoon it.

The Micmac migrated by canoe with ease, speed and a minimum of hardship. During the ensuing weeks of spring, they made their way to their summer encampments where they would be re-united with relatives



A Northern Ojibwa spears sturgeon as they move upstream in the spring to spawn.



The spring lodges of the Northern Ojibwa were, on occasion, covered with nothing more than spruce boughs which shed the rain.



Musk rats hidden in a 'push-up' were speared for meat (at its best in the spring) and pelts that were traded at nearby posts.

and friends. The days became longer and warmer, and not as much clothing was needed as during the winter. The conical lodges were of the same style as those used during the winter and were still occupied by a single family group. Such a lodge was ideal since it was easily portable, a feature needed now that extensive travel was undertaken.

Like the Micmac, the Northern Ojibwa (one branch of a people spread from the Upper Ottawa River to Lake Winnipeg and, after the arrival of the Europeans, out onto the plains) had spent their winters in small family groups scattered over the countryside. With the arrival of spring, the hunting groups abandoned their winter camps and shifted to a location adjacent to where open water would first appear. Here, fish could easily be caught in gill-nets and waterfowl would congregate and could be easily taken from behind blinds. (Waterfowl, however, were not of such extreme importance to the Northern Ojibwa as they were to the Cree along the coast of James and Hudson Bays). The new campsite was located on rising ground, high enough to be above any danger of flooding but as close as possible to the shore for the launching of canoes. Conical lodges were erected, covered with birch-bark and canvas and on occasion, nothing more than spruce boughs; the latter apparently shed rain sufficiently to make the lodge inhabitable.

Gill-nets would be set at right angles from the shore and usually supplied sufficient fish for the daily use of the camp. If extra fish were taken, they were dressed, split in half for smoke drying, and placed on a low wooden rack over a smouldering fire. Once dried, the fish were stored in birch-bark containers. Sturgeon

were an important source of food but were restricted in distribution, being found only in certain streams and lakes. When the sturgeon moved upstream into shallow water to spawn, families gathered and for a few weeks engaged in spearing fish, but not at night as far as is known. Any ducks taken were eaten immediately or smoked for later use if there was sufficient food in camp. Ducks were usually killed with shotguns, although before the advent of such weapons the bow and arrow was most likely employed. In hunting waterfowl, the hunter concealed himself behind a blind of boughs. Sometimes a small white dog was used as a decoy to lure the curious birds close to shore. As the snow disappeared and the ice covering the lakes and rivers broke up, the men would occasionally make short hunting trips in search of big game.

In the warmer weather, muskrats began to emerge from their winter quarters. The Ojibwa secured as many as possible for their pelts which were traded for European goods at nearby posts; the meat, at its best at this time of year, was eaten. The muskrat were taken in steel traps or shot, or occasionally speared. The iron spearhead was obtained from the traders, and attached to a wooden shaft several feet long. The spear was thrust into a 'pushup' made by the rats where they might be found in hiding.

As spring drew to a close the Northern Ojibwa would again be on the move, heading for an encampment where all the families of the band would gather for the summer. Often this site would be close to where the traders had their stores and homes.

While the Northern Ojibwa were dwellers in the Boreal forest of black spruce, the Blackfoot were a



The Blackfoot men used the spring days to repair or replace their riding gear.

people of the wide open spaces: the high plains of Alberta. These plains were uninhabitable during the winter when fierce storms swept down from the north accompanied by extremely low temperatures and high winds. Then the Blackfoot retreated back into the foothills of the Rockies where they lived in small family groups in sheltered and secluded river valleys. But with the advent of spring in late March or early April — signalled by the flight of geese passing northward — the people once again knew that they were free to roam widely in search of bison, the mainstay of their way of life. After several months of confinement, this was a welcome change.

Initially the return of spring did not bring respite from the rigours of the winter. The bison upon which the people had depended all winter now began to drift away from the valleys and up onto the open plains where they would spend the summer. The Blackfoot bands made ready to break camp and follow the animals. If they did not act quickly the bison would be gone and the people would have little more than roots to subsist upon.

And so the Blackfoot began the slow move from their winter quarters to the high plains where they would join other bands of closely related kin. The

Blackfoot, like other Plains Indians, owned many more material possessions than did the Indians of the Subarctic. Accordingly, moving camp was more difficult, but with the help of the horse and travois it was accomplished. The travois employed two poles from the foundation of the lodge, the smaller ends lashed together over the back of the horse. The other ends dragged on the ground behind, one to either side of the animal. A platform was secured between the two poles and on this, the possessions of the family were lashed.

In the spring the buffalo cows gave birth to their young and calves were eagerly sought for their hides. These light soft skins were ideal for bags and for robes for the children. The women also made warm-weather clothing for the men and themselves. The men repaired or replaced their riding gear to prepare for hunting game or raiding enemy camps during the coming summer. Willow backrests were constructed for moments of leisure during the months ahead wherever they might be camped. They were common furnishings in the tipis of all the Plains Indians.

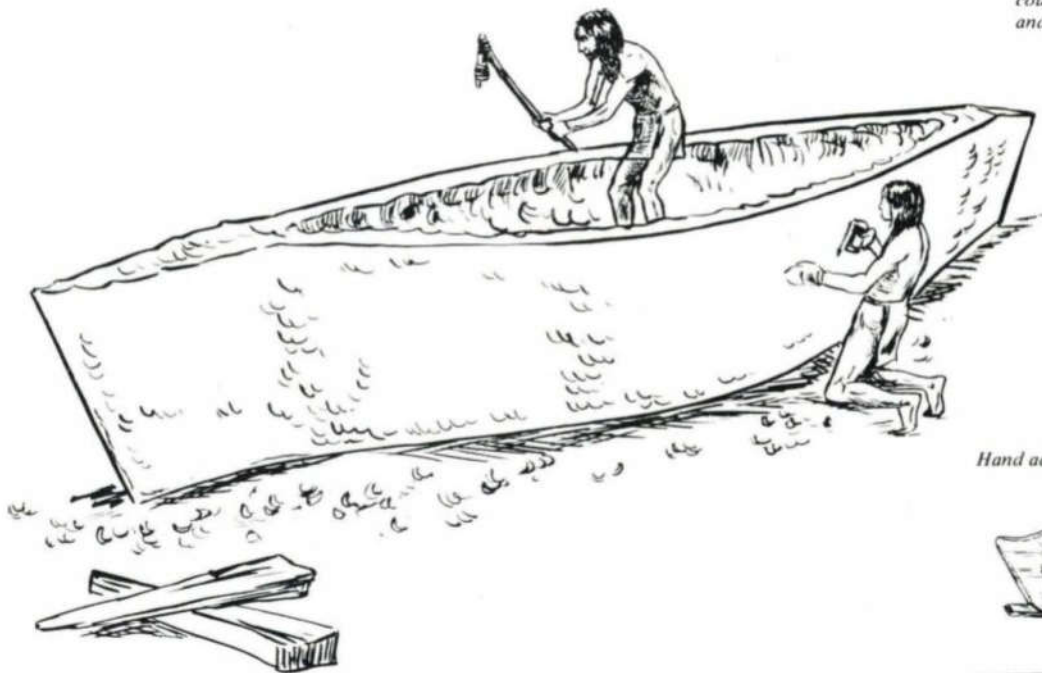
Toward the end of spring as plant life emerged anew, the women started digging bulbs of various species. These were a welcome change from eating only dried foods such as pemmican. The horses enjoyed the rich spring grass and became fat and strong.

Sometimes in May a sudden and sometimes heavy fall of snow occurred — an event that was considered to herald the end of spring. Prior to it, thunder would often be heard and if this were the case, it was appropriate that the medicine-pipe ceremony be performed.

With the end of winter the Nootka began to make plans for the coming summer when they would live on the outer coast of Vancouver Island. In the meantime many things had to be done for survival and in preparation for the move to the outer coast.

Fishing was important and several species were sought. Although there were no oolachen in the territory of the Nootka, there were large runs of herring. The fish were caught in dip-nets and with rakes — long poles with a number of bone points secured at right angles along the distal end. To employ the rake, the fisherman in his dug-out swept the tool upwards through a school of herring, impaling a number with each sweep. Once the fisherman had as many fish as his dug-out would hold, he returned to camp and the women of the household took charge. The fish were loaded into large burden baskets and carried up to the house. Here the heads of the herring were cut off and the fish gutted and washed. They were then dried in the smoke of the lodge fires and stored for later use, usually during the following winter. The herring roe was also preserved by drying. The spawn of herring was considered a

Dug-out canoes in various sizes were built by the Nootka in the spring when the hollowed-out logs could be steamed and spread apart.



Hand adze and wood drill



delicacy. To secure it, the Nootka submerged tree branches which they retrieved once the herring had deposited their spawn.

A few salmon were taken at this time by trolling, using herring as bait. Halibut might also be caught but the best fishing grounds were on the outer coast and not available until summer.

New shoots of vegetation were gathered and eaten fresh. Although not used in great quantities, they were a welcome addition to a diet so heavily dependent upon fish.

At no time of the year was it ever cold enough to warrant wearing warm clothing. In the spring rains, however, the Nootka donned cedar-bark rain capes and conical hats woven of spruce roots. These were light, yet effective. No footwear was ever worn.

Dug-out canoes of various sizes were the principal means of transportation throughout the year. They were made from the trunks of the giant cedar that grew almost everywhere on the West Coast. The construction of a dug-out was begun during the winter when the

tree was felled and the log moved to the village. The craft was completed in the warm days when the hollowed-out log could be steamed and the sides spread apart. The thwarts were then inserted and the final touches given to the new boat.

The Nootka were adept canoe builders and excelled in other crafts as well. No one village, as a rule, manufactured all the commodities it needed and specializations developed in particular villages. This, of course, meant that a trade network existed in order to supply each village with what it needed.

As the weeks of spring passed, the Indians of Canada once again had to make the shift from one season to another. Soon, summer would be upon them, demanding adjustments for survival. ♦

This article is the second in a series of four following the seasons of the year and based on the lives of the Micmac, Northern Ojibwa, Blackfoot and Nootka. The third article 'Indian Life in Summer' will appear in the next issue.



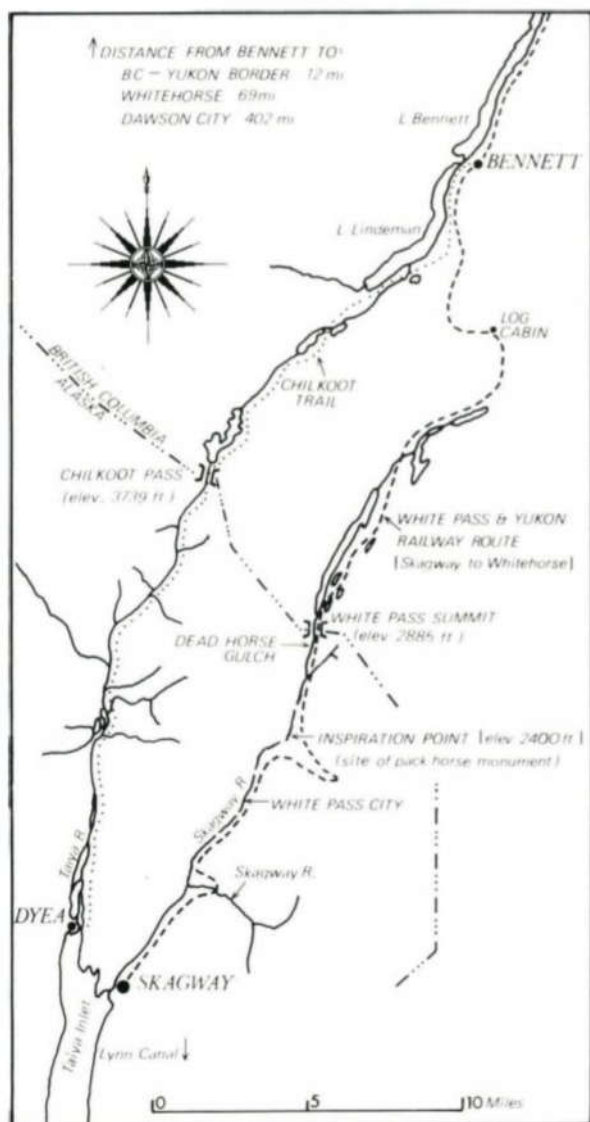
The Nootka herring rake.

Memorial to the Pack Animals

By Thora McIlroy Mills

Mrs Mills, of Toronto, is the author of numerous published articles, and has done extensive research on the history of the Yukon and the era of the Klondike Gold Rush.

Extracts from the diary of Florence Hartshorn are published by kind permission of Mrs Hazel Gloslie, daughter of Florence and Bert Hartshorn. Photographs, unless otherwise credited, are from Mrs Gloslie's collection.



The White Pass Trail.

IN APRIL 1898, Bert Hartshorn of Ellensburg, Washington, was caught up in the rush for the Klondike. He was a man of enterprising character and many practical skills, and he soon opened a blacksmith shop and restaurant at Log Cabin on the White Pass Trail. In June he sent word to his wife, Florence, to come north. Florence Hartshorn later recorded her initial reaction in her diary: 'I was a young mother and while it was hard for me to leave my little girl of five years, even in custody of my parents, I was thrilled at the thought of going to the land of mystery where gold was found in every stream, on every mountain slope . . . Or so she believed.

Florence travelled up the coast on the old steamer *Alki* and arrived at Skagway, Alaska, port of entry to the Klondike, on 2 July 1898. Her husband was over the mountains, 32 miles away, but he had made arrangements for a pony, 'Kitty', to carry her over those bleak, snow-capped peaks. Of the various routes to the Klondike, the trail from Skagway across the White Pass Trail was one of the most difficult and dangerous. Few who witnessed the dreadful toll which it took on the pack animals were ever able to forget the experience, and Florence Hartshorn was one of those most deeply affected.

'I was the last of our train which was made up of 25 horses tied head to tail, each horse packed up to 250 pounds. We passed Soapy Smith looking like an aristocrat in high hob-nailed boots and broad Stetson hat. I'd have taken more notice if I'd known what a villain he was.

'Out of Skagway for about 10 miles the road was good, for a man named Brackett had started to build a wagon road to Lake Bennett. At the end of the Brackett Road was the toll bridge. This was at the "city" of White Pass where thousands halted just before hitting the trail to the land of gold. Here were "hotels", lunch counters, supply stores, a typical frontier town. . . . Lunch, and we were on our way.



Florence Hartshorn shortly after her arrival at Log Cabin, B.C., in July 1898. The Hartshorns' cabin served as a restaurant for gold-seekers travelling the White Pass Trail to the Klondike.

'In places I thought my heart would stop. At one point I found I was up on a narrow ledge, high mountain on one side and on the other the roaring Skagway River in a gully far below . . . I realized what would happen if my pony took one false step. Two men came back to tell me 2 horses had fallen into the river and drowned so I had better dismount and walk past that place. I slid off the pony and by the help of vines pulled myself up the mountain-side with Kitty close at my heels. The dangerous part lasted for some time. There were dead horses all along the way. The stench was something awful. . . . The wind was a blizzard and stung like needles of ice.

'Once my pony stopped to drink at a sparkling stream and although I'd been warned not to drink any wayside water I was tempted to take a sip. Then I saw 2 dead horses not five feet away, and one lying in the clear water! I had bought some lemons in Skagway, so I sucked one and then held the blessed rind tightly over my nose. It kept out the terrible odour. At a dangerous curve, on a high point, Nellie (a mule just ahead of me) suddenly lunged crosswise on the trail. For a moment she stood like a statue. Then up went her head and her

raucous bray joined the eerie whine of the wind in the stunted trees. Mike heaved a rock at her but Nellie did not wait for the rock to strike. She had had enough. She lunged into space and moments later came the crash of her body far below. Gone was Nellie. Gone the jinx she carried — 2 barrels of contraband whiskey labelled "Flour".

'All went well for a time, until rounding a curve a third horse stumbled blindly from sheer exhaustion and went down the embankment to the bottom, 200 feet below. The men were determined not to lose her precious cargo, 2 sacks of onions, so they scrambled down the cliff after her. A merciful shot told me she no longer suffered. The onions were added to the packs of 2 other horses. Before we reached Log Cabin we had lost 5 animals. This meant that 20 horses now had to carry the loads of the original 25. But all our freight reached Log Cabin. Is it any wonder there were 3,000 dead horses on the Trail?

'Then and there' Mrs Hartshorn was to say in later years, 'on my first day in the northland was born within me the desire to place a memorial to the animals whose struggles and sufferings played such an impor-



Bert Hartshorn, who operated a blacksmith shop at Log Cabin in 1898.

tant part in the extraction of wealth from the gold country.'

The 32 miles from Skagway to Log Cabin could not be done in less than two days, with a night spent huddled in whatever makeshift shelter was available. Florence Hartshorn expected this and tried not to show her fear of being alone with so many rough and noisy men. But she was dismayed when, late on the second afternoon, the head packer told her they would be unable to reach Log Cabin that night. 'Never mind' he said, 'there is a nice lady at the roadhouse ahead who will make it nice for you.' But the 'nice lady' had had her fill of women camp-followers and turned her back on Florence, refusing even to let her sit on one of her chairs. Florence watched the woman in silence: watched her take a small can from a shelf; watched her put a spoonful of dessicated egg in a cup, add the same amount of water and set it aside; watched her put a cup of sugar in a 'stirring dish' together with a dash of salt. 'I'm curious to see how you do that' Florence blurted out, 'for I'll soon be doing that for my husband. He's the blacksmith at Log Cabin. We were supposed to have been there by tonight.'

'Just then the lady's son came in and she asked him if he knew a blacksmith at Log Cabin. "Who, Bert?" he said. Then seeing me, "I bet you're Bert's wife. Bert was worried when you didn't come." Then the lady stopped

making her sourdough bread and grabbed me and hugged me. "Only this morning I vowed that not another woman would spend the night here. Son, you tack blankets around the bunk, rob all the other bunks of their pillows and make her a feathery mattress."

'The next morning, July 4th, we reached Log Cabin and my own little domain. Bert had dinner waiting for me. The eaves were only four feet from the ground. The roof was covered with dirt upon which wild flowers bloomed. The doors were of heavy plank and all had to bend low to enter. The only light was through the glass above the small front door. The floor was of dirt, one foot below the sill. This gave the impression that you were going to the basement but all cabins were built this way. They were much warmer, and by banking the outside with dirt, and in winter with snow, the cabin was snug and warm. A broom? A new one every day! They grew on fir trees just beside the cabin.

'Through the centre of this 12 x 14 cabin was a long table of rough lumber whip-sawed by the men, and covered with oil-cloth which was the only "table linen" used on the Trail of '98. Benches were made of logs cut in half. Three tall bottles held a candle each, our only light. Dishes were tin, handmade and unbreakable. I had a fine Yukon range. Often I would bake 16 loaves of bread, for I was alone for weeks at a time and there were hundreds of hungry men passing and all must be fed.

'When blizzards raged and williwaws blew there was no travel. Men "holed up" wherever they could find shelter, behind rocks and trees. My sourdough bread was appreciated. Our cabin was only 5 feet from the Trail so I saw the pack-horse as few saw her. I shall never forget the look of a horse as I fed it a few scraps of bread or a dish of water. Packers didn't remove the saddle at night for each horse had large sores on its back and the Mounties were constantly on the lookout. They had orders to shoot such an animal to put it out of its misery.'

It was not until the 19th century that the first societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals were formally organized — in Britain in 1824, and in the United States in 1866. The Ontario Humane Society was established in 1873 and other organizations followed in Canada, but neither legislation nor public opinion was sufficiently strong by the 1890s to have any impact on the treatment of horses, mules and dogs during the Klondike Gold Rush. The fever for gold and the appalling conditions on the trails to the Yukon brought out the worst in men, and it was the pack animals that suffered most as a result. Only a small number of the thousands of pack horses and mules brought across the trails in 1897 and 1898 survived the ordeal.

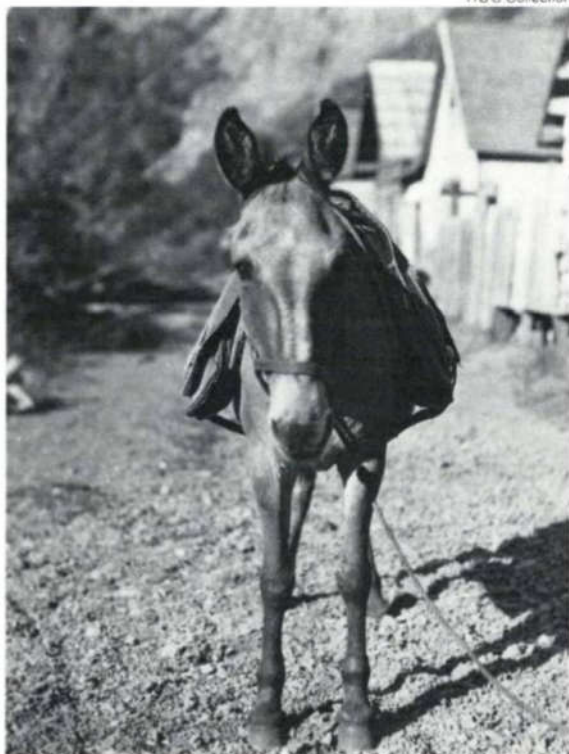
At Log Cabin Florence did all she could for the animals that passed her door. When the winter of 1898

set in the stampede across the White Pass Trail slowed to a trickle. There was no longer a demand for blacksmiths or restaurants, so Bert and Florence decided to return south. A few months in Seattle changed their minds. Bert went north again, to Lake Bennett where Captain John Irving had an engineering job for him in ship construction. In his spare time Bert helped the Reverend John Sinclair build the Presbyterian Church which is now a Canadian Historic Site. Florence joined Bert at Bennett on 5 October 1899, bringing their young daughter Hazel with her. 'We travelled in style from Skagway to Bennett by train' she wrote in her diary, 'as the White Pass Railway had been constructed that far.' (The pack trail was replaced by the narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Route railway which runs from Skagway to Whitehorse. The rails reached the head of Lake Bennett in July 1899, and the final section was completed in July 1900.)

There was not much style in their living quarters that winter because they were ice-bound on the steamer *Gleaner*. For supplies they had to walk over the ice to Bennett; the light in the church steeple was their best guide, the days being short and the nights long and very black. The church was also the centre of entertainment — music and games and story-telling. Hazel wanted a dog for a playmate, but dogs were at a premium for transportation. However, a spaniel was found on the Trail, almost frozen to death. He had been badly abused, thrown out of a team and left to die. Tender care healed his wounds and he lived for many years. He was a constant reminder to Florence of the cruel waste of the pack animals.

During the next 16 years the Hartshorns lived in many mining towns in the Klondike: Atlin, Carcross, Bear Creek and Whitehorse, with the longest time spent at North Fork where they had the responsibility of entertaining visiting dignitaries. Hazel's childhood in the Klondike had just as many variations — from school lessons taught by her mother to classes at Carcross where her playmates were the daughters of Skookum Jim and George Carmack, the discoverers of gold at Bonanza. Later, at Atlin, Postmaster Williams, who was an ex-choir boy at Westminster Abbey, urged Hazel to pursue her singing. She did study in Seattle in her teens as a coloratura soprano and on her return to Dawson she was appreciatively known as the 'Nightingale of the North'.

A piano was shipped from Seattle and a piano-tuner who went to Dawson once a year would make the extra seven-mile trip to North Fork to tune the one and only piano in that area. 'We were always happy to see him and after supper we would put his bike on the pick-up truck and drive him back to Dawson, glad of a chance to visit our friends or go to a show or dance. The piano was kept in good condition because during the War (1914-1918) and for many years after, Hazel



The mule 'Wall', aged 34 when photographed in 1929, was one of the few pack animals, out of thousands, to survive the Klondike trails.

contributed her talent at churches, lodges and dances to raise money for the war effort and other causes. There were many organizations — Masons, Eagles, Odd Fellows, Pioneers as well as three churches and four theatres in Dawson.'

None of these interests and activities, not even Hazel's wedding in 1915, made Florence forget her first day in the Yukon, when man's brutality to defenceless animals made her 'ashamed of the whole human race'. She decided there must be a memorial — a monument on the White Pass Trail — for people should not forget. In 1929 Florence started a campaign to raise funds for the memorial, with the support of Charles D. Garfield, Chairman of the Alaska Division of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, and the Ladies of the Golden North (an organization formed in Seattle by women who had been involved in the Klondike Gold Rush). Early in the campaign Florence wrote to 'Packer Jack' Newman, a former pack-train foreman on the Trail who had since retired to Seattle. His response was immediate. With \$50.00, he sent a note: 'I was there and I admit I was sometimes just as brutal as the rest. We were all mad for gold and we did things we lived to regret afterwards. . . . There was big money in packing, but hay was 10 cents a pound and we couldn't afford to waste it on animals that were weaklings. But if the weaklings lasted to the end of the journey, that was velvet. Many



The dedication ceremony for the monument to the pack animals, held at Inspiration Point on 24 August 1929.

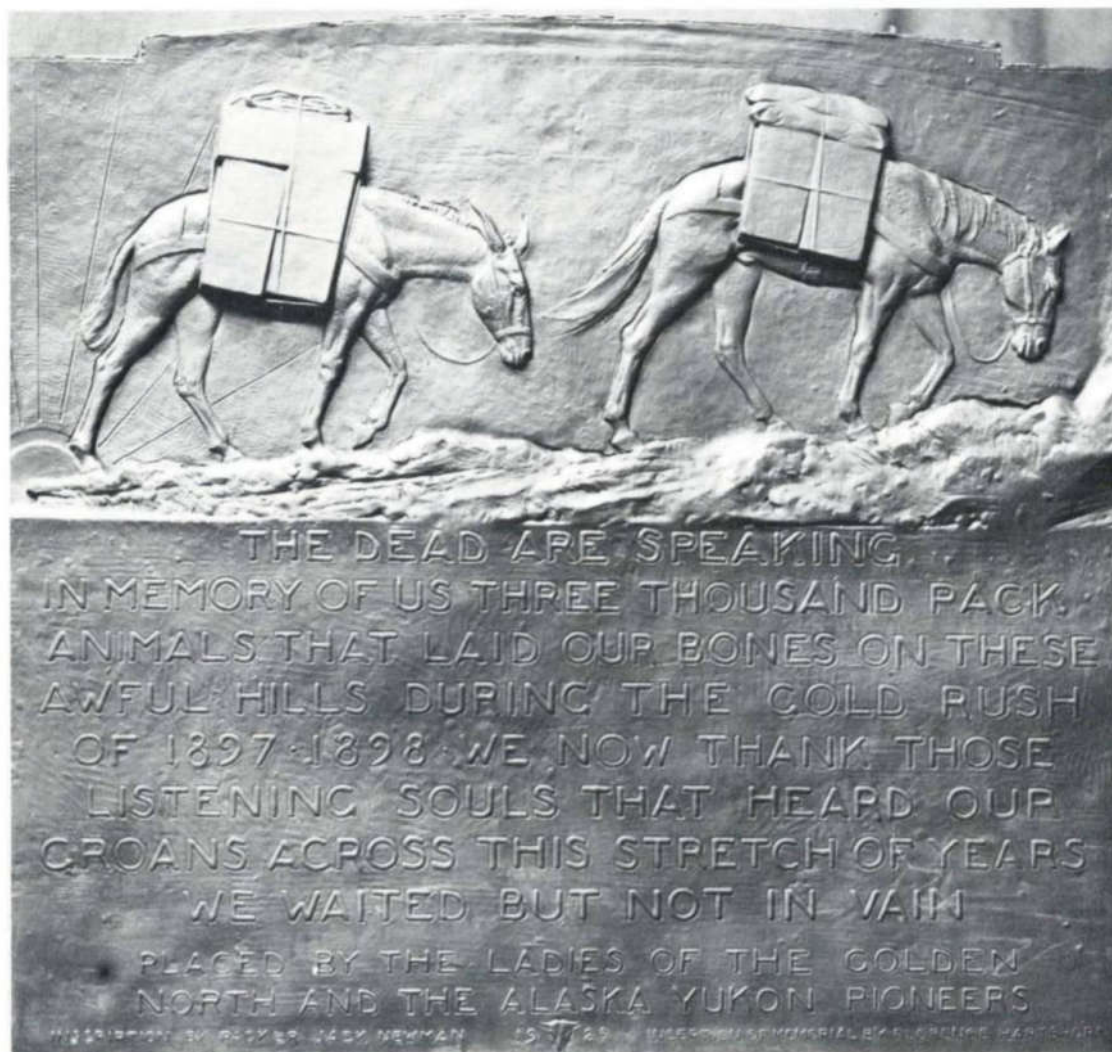
a horse carried 400 pounds up a trail that a man could scarcely climb, with a saddle covering sores as big as a man's fist. . . . We sometimes got another trip out of them before they died. Sometimes they were left to starve. Sometimes the horses were shot. The Mounties were the most humane.'

Encouraged, Florence Hartshorn wrote to individuals and organizations and advertised in the *Alaska Weekly*. Many responded with contributions to the memorial. In Seattle, Jack Newman wrote the inscription and arranged for James Wehn, the sculptor who had done the statue of Chief Seattle and others important in the history of the city, to design the bronze plaque. Wehn thought that Newman's inscription was rather long, but Newman declared 'If more letters cost more money I'll pay it'.

In April 1929, the *Anchorage Times* reported: 'Plans are nearing completion for the installation of a bronze plaque on the granite wall of Inspiration

Point, almost 2000 feet straight up from Dead Horse Gulch, to honor the real martyr and hero of the Gold Rush, the pack horse.' It was a fitting place for the memorial; Inspiration Point provides a magnificent panoramic view of the jagged Sawtooth Mountains to the south-east, the glacier-topped Mount Pinnacle to the south-west, and in the distance to the south, the sparkling waters of the Lynn Canal.

Interest mounted as plans progressed. The Alaska Steamship Company brought the plaque north free of charge, and crews of the White Pass & Yukon Route railway erected the stone base and pedestal. Invitations to the unveiling ceremony were sent out, and the Skagway Women's Club prepared a reception for the dignitaries who would disembark at Skagway for the train trip to Inspiration Point. Early on the morning of 24 August 1929, the *Dorothy Alexander* arrived from Seattle, carrying a delegation of the Ladies of the Golden North who were welcomed by the Skagway



Women's Club and a radiant Florence Hartshorn. At 8:30 a.m., a special train pulled out of Skagway for Inspiration Point, where 200 persons from Skagway, Whitehorse, Carcross, Dawson and Seattle crowded around the monument. In the group were Herbert Wheeler, President of the White Pass & Yukon Route railway, and other officials of the railway. Charles D. Garfield of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce read messages from those who could not attend, including one from Jack Newman and one from Governor George Parks of Alaska which said, in part, that the memorial was 'an appropriate tribute to the pack animals that made it possible for the pioneers to develop the resources of the Yukon.'

Garfield delivered the dedicatory address, historical and appealing. Then Florence Hartshorn drew aside the flags of Canada and the United States to reveal the bronze plaque: a bas-relief of a horse and a mule, and beneath this the inscription:

The Dead Are Speaking

In memory of us three thousand pack animals that laid our bones on these awful hills during the Gold Rush of 1897-1898. We now thank those listening souls that heard our groans across this stretch of years.
We waited but not in vain.

Placed by the Ladies of the Golden North
and the Alaska Yukon Pioneers
1929

Inscription by Packer Jack Newman.
Inception of Memorial by Florence Hartshorn.

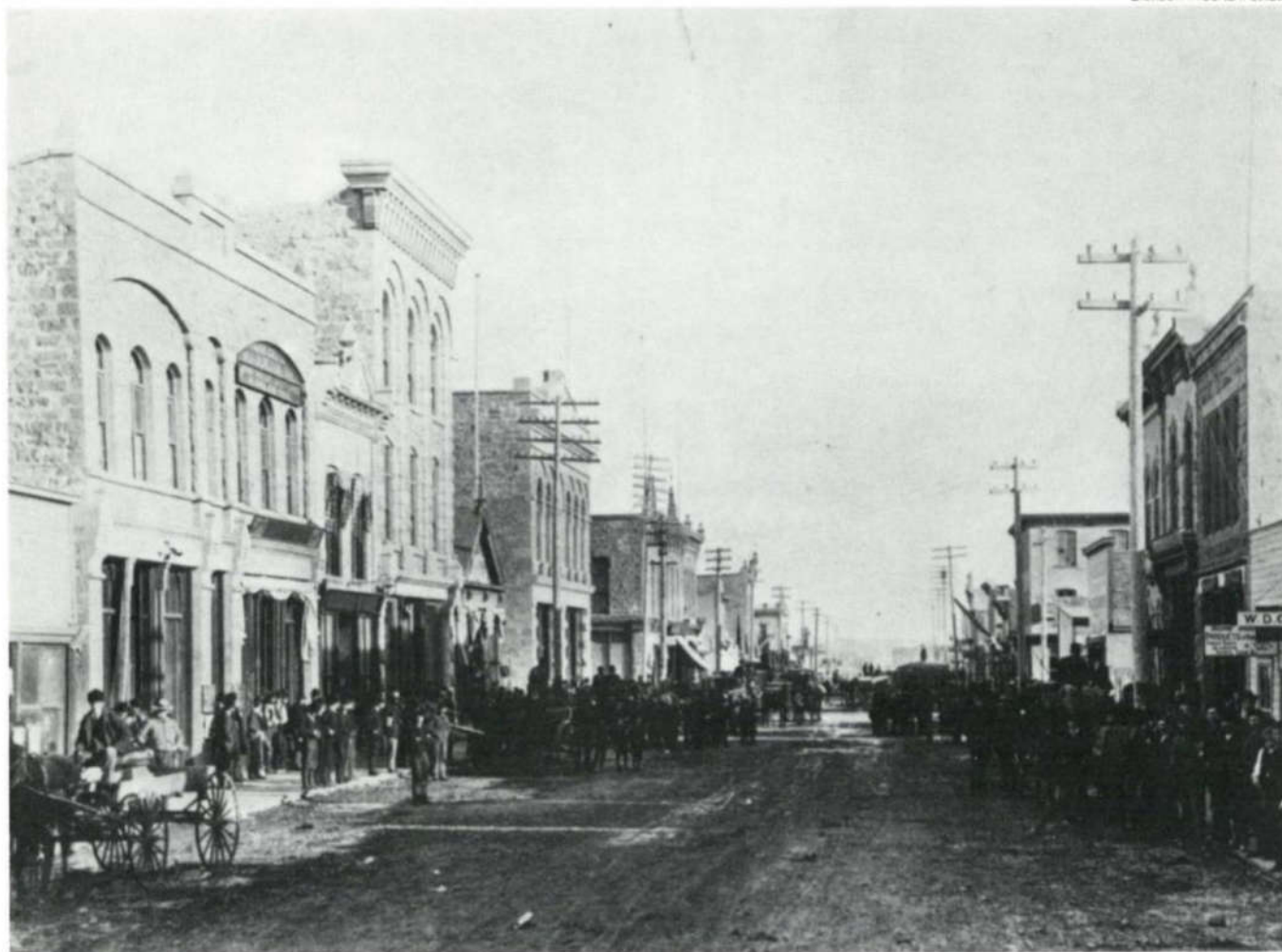
Sad to relate, the monument is rarely seen today. Because it proved too costly, the White Pass & Yukon Route train no longer stops at Inspiration Point for tourists to take pictures and pay tribute to the pack animals. ♦

THE HERCHMERS' SECRET

By Donald B. Smith

*Associate Professor Donald B. Smith is with the department of history, University of Calgary.
He has written widely about a number of prominent Indian personalities.*

Glenbow-Alberta Institute



The scene on Stephen Avenue, Calgary, only three weeks after the impressive funeral procession for Assistant Commissioner William Herchmer had passed that way on 4 January 1892.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION slowly crept westward from the police barracks along Calgary's icy dirt roads, past one-storey log cabins hidden by cordwood, towards the new sandstone buildings clustered 'downtown' near the Church of the Redeemer, the Anglican cathedral. The townsfolk, from the plank sidewalks, gazed in silence at the long procession of men wearing black arm bands. William Herchmer, Assistant Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, the Force's second-in-command and one of the pillars of Calgary's society, was dead, carried off by a heart attack four days earlier, on New Year's Day, 1892. He was only forty-seven.

How many crowded on the wooden sidewalks remembered Calgary's first great public tribute to Colonel Herchmer in the year of the Riel Rebellion? That in July 1885 the relieved townspeople had wildly welcomed back Superintendent Herchmer, who, to quote the *Regina Leader*, had made a 'strong impression of capacity and gallantry' in the battle of Cut Knife Hill, the daring attack against Poundmaker and his Cree warriors near Battleford? The rebellion had been suppressed, the frontier secured, and people in the hamlet of tents and rude shacks rejoiced. The town's band played 'See the Conq'ring Hero Comes', as Fort Calgary's commander, in his full dress scarlet and gold uniform, stepped off the special Canadian Pacific Railway train, followed by his wife and two young daughters. Then, older residents reminisced, everyone had known one another, from the man at the lowest rung of the social ladder, to the one at the very top.

By 1892 the town had grown beyond recognition. At best only one out of four of the bystanders had witnessed the welcoming ceremony six and a half years before. The rest had just reached Alberta from Ontario, or the British Isles. Within five years after the rebellion all the homestead entries around the town had been filled. The white settlers in Southern Alberta were no longer outnumbered by Indians as they had been in the year of the native uprising. Calgary itself had swelled fourfold in population, from nearly 1,000 in 1885 to nearly 4,000 in 1892. Sewers, telephones, and electric lighting had now been installed on the townsite. Civilization had arrived.

Those who came after 1885 knew Superintendent Herchmer as 'Assistant Commissioner Herchmer', for in 1886 he was promoted to second-in-command of the entire North West Mounted Police. They could read about 'one of the most effective and dashing officers of the North-West Mounted Police' in Charles Pelham Mulvaney's *The History of the North-West Rebellion*, published in late 1885. Mulvaney went on to describe the capable young officer as 'Kind hearted, courteous and brave even to rashness; he is just the sort of man for a leader of red-coated prairie troopers.'

Glenbow Alberta Institute



Captain William Herchmer as a young man, c. 1870. In this year he went west with Wolseley's Red River Expedition.

With the Reverend Cyprian Pinkham, the Anglican Bishop; and James Loughheed, the town's senator in Ottawa; William Macauley Herchmer clearly stood at the pinnacle of Calgary's social hierarchy. Each Sunday, when he was not out on an inspection, the tall, bearded officer proudly led the weekly parade of uniformed Mounted Police to the Anglican cathedral. He, along with the small group of well-educated Englishmen in the Force, set much of society's tone in the small community. The British spirit was kept alive and well in frontier Calgary by the Force's cricket team, band, and their annual formal ball.

The measured and mournful beat of Handel's 'Death March' from *Saul* called the town's oldest residents back into the present. He was dead. The honour guard of thirty-six smartly dressed Mounties came in the vanguard of the cortège. Their buffalo coats struck the only discordant note, with their shabby fur and large worn spots. The men clung to these worn coats; they were the warmest on the prairies, and no new buffalo coats were forthcoming. (By 1879 the buffalo had been effectively exterminated in Canada.) The Fire Brigade Brass Band came next, thumping out Handel's slow, sad melody. The band

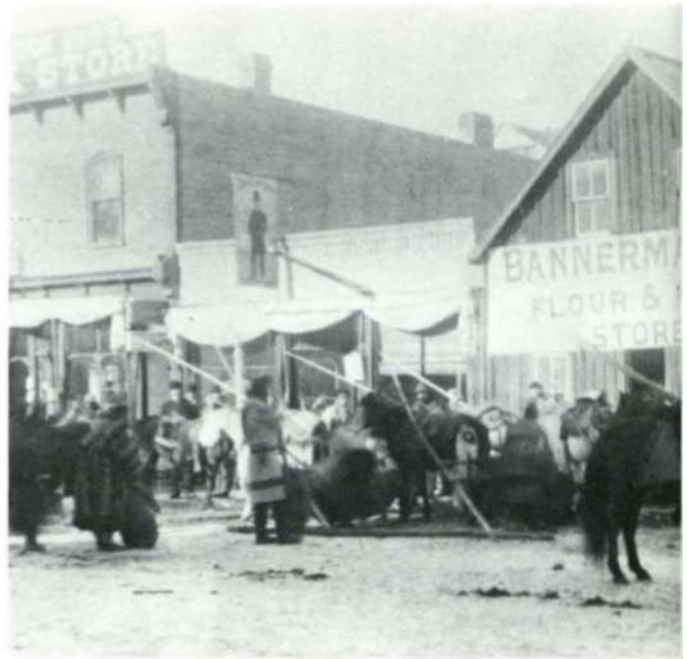


Assistant Commissioner W.M. Herchmer c. 1880. During his long career with the NWMP he defended the Indian people, stating that they were accused unjustly, in many cases, of cattle killing.

preceded the four horses, two white and two black, drawing the remains. The six pallbearers walked solemnly on each side of the gun carriage, the coffin draped in the Union Jack and proper military emblems. Unmounted, the late Assistant Commissioner's black charger trotted friskily behind, held by two constables.

The North West Mounted Police Commissioner, Lawrence Herchmer, the deceased's older brother; Hayter Reid, the Indian Commissioner; and the other official mourners silently walked behind the riderless horse. One hundred Calgarians marched on foot, and at the very end of the procession drove more mourners in fifty carriages. From the police barracks to the cathedral the mountains stood majestically in the background. The procession finally reached its destination shortly after three o'clock. The cathedral's bell, a memorial to Corporal Lowry, a young Calgarian killed in the Riel Rebellion, then ceased tolling. The wooden pews within the church had filled up quickly.

At the cathedral's entrance the Mounties briskly speeded the official party through the crowd, permitting the cortège to enter the sacred edifice. Bishop Pinkham, a friend of the deceased for twenty years, stood on the church porch awaiting the arrival of the body. As the coffin passed the threshold the choir, surplice-clad, sang the first verse of the hymn 'When Our Heads Are Bowed With Woe'. During the service no pomp or circumstance was spared in mourning the loss of one of the town's leading citizens. Later the *Calgary Herald* stated, 'there can be no



A group of Sarcée Indians on Stephen Avenue (now 8th Avenue) in downtown Calgary, c. 1887.

doubt', that it was 'the finest funeral service ever witnessed in Calgary'.

Outside the cathedral the townspeople talked in low voices about the deceased. The oldest residents, the best informed, did know something of his background. Despite his 'British' manner and bearing, he was Canadian. He came, not from impoverished Ontario farms like many of them, but from an old and respected United Empire Loyalist family in Kingston. His father and namesake, the Reverend William Macauley Herchmer was an Anglican clergyman, who had studied at Oxford University where he had taken holy orders. Before returning to Canada he had married his English-born wife, a niece of the famous painter, J. M. W. Turner. In Kingston he became Rector of St George's Cathedral, and he and his wife lived in the old Herchmer homestead, a fine eighteen-room mansion on an eleven-acre lot on King Street West, in the town's best residential area. The house contained fine carpets, mahogany chairs, oil paintings on the walls, and bedrooms decorated in walnut.

This Upper Canadian mansion was a far cry from the homespun town deep in the snow of a prairie winter. Darkness comes early in Calgary at the beginning of January. No doubt the crowds dispersed immediately after the mourning party emerged. Once the sun went down the temperature fell 25°F. The body, to be taken to Winnipeg for a military and masonic funeral, remained on view at the Anglican Church schoolhouse that evening. Commissioner Lawrence Herchmer welcomed his brother's friends; he said that William had always been 'a most efficient



Commissioner Lawrence W. Herchmer, 1895.

officer, a thorough disciplinarian and a good organizer'.

The two Herchmer brothers had been close. Together as young boys they had been sent to school in England, but after their father's death in 1862 had returned to Kingston. While Lawrence began farming his inherited lands and keeping race horses, William chose almost immediately a military career. As a captain in the Ontario Rifles he went west in 1870 with Wolseley's Red River Expedition against Riel. In Manitoba he joined the provincial militia. He had been present in the guard in 1874 when 4,000 Cree, Assiniboine and Ojibwa signed Treaty No 4 near Fort Qu'Appelle, by which they surrendered present-day southern Saskatchewan. Two years later, eager for adventure, he applied to the North West Mounted Police. From 1876 to 1884 he commanded at Swan River, Shoal Lake, Battleford, and finally at Calgary. Early in his career he attracted the notice of his superiors. In 1881 he was asked to escort the Marquis of Lorne, who was the Governor-General of Canada and the son-in-law of Queen Victoria, on his tour across Western Canada.

Whenever Lawrence talked about his brother and his long and distinguished career in the force, his listeners must silently have wondered why he, instead of William, had become the Commissioner. A political contact apparently explains the older brother's luck. Lawrence had married well in Ontario before he himself moved west in the early 1870s, where he built and operated Winnipeg's first brewery, and later

worked as one of Manitoba's first Indian agents. His bride was the daughter of Henry Sherwood, a former Attorney General for Upper Canada, and a leading Conservative Party politician. Through an old Conservative Party friend of his father-in-law's, Lawrence had received his extraordinary appointment. One year after the Riel Rebellion, Sir John A. Macdonald appointed him, a man with previous military experience in Britain but without any previous association with the Force, the fourth Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police. To help him, Lawrence wisely appointed William as his trusted second-in-command, with headquarters at Calgary.

Calgarians warmly supported their new Assistant Commissioner, for in their eyes William Herchmer had proven himself. Had he not bravely fought Poundmaker at Cut Knife Hill? For over a decade he had faced danger and possible death by going directly into hostile Indian camps to arrest Indian horse thieves and cattle rustlers. In his own words he was 'constantly on the move', and in 1889 alone he travelled nearly 13,000 miles on patrols and inspections, a good portion of it on horseback.

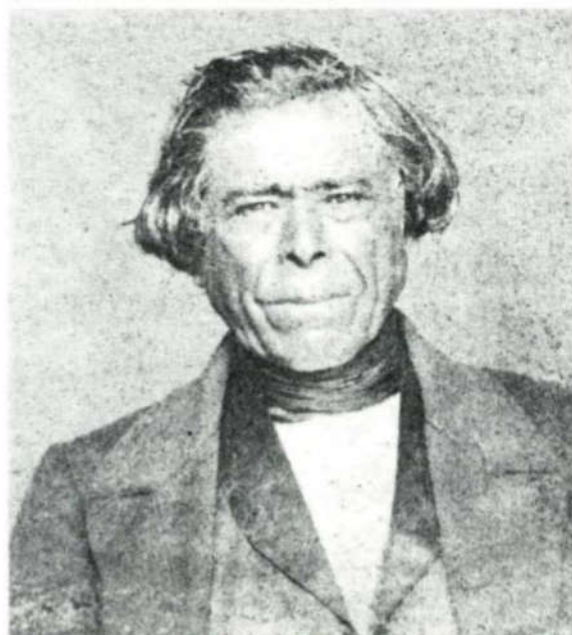
The one group the white population particularly disliked were the Indians. Police Inspector Cecil (later Sir Cecil) Denny recalled in his *The Law Marches West*, that the early white settlers in southern Alberta in the 1880s 'cared little what became of the poor Indian. If a cow was killed or a horse stolen, the Indians were to blame. Their land was looked upon

with covetous eyes and they were regarded as a nuisance and expense.' To many of the ranchers, farmers, and townspeople, the Indians were an 'inferior' race. In the late 1880s the *Calgary Herald* agitated to have the neighbouring Sarcee Indian reserve removed from the immediate vicinity of the town. Viciously the paper termed the Sarcee 'idle, lazy, do-nothing people'. The Blackfoot were equally unwelcome in Calgary.

The late Assistant Commissioner had drawn some criticism for his Indian policy. In 1887 he had failed to capture Deerfoot, the famed Blackfoot runner who was accused of stealing a pair of blankets and a revolver from a settler's cabin. In his annual report dated 30 November 1890, he had made what, to the ranchers, seemed to be a most bizarre remark. He wrote 'There is no doubt that there has been a great deal of cattle killing . . . The Indians are, of course accused, but in my opinion unjustly in the majority of cases.' To the ranchers William Herchmer shared the same 'quirk' as Cecil Denny and a number of the other 'upper crust' North West Mounted Police officers: on occasion they seemed 'to be soft on Indians'.

The ranchers were partially right. A natural bond does appear to have existed between the Plains

The Indian missionary 'William Harkemer', an uncle of Lawrence and William Herchmer of the NWMP.



Louise Thorpe, Vancouver

Collection of Mrs Reuben Herchmer, Hagersville



A group of New Credit Mississauga Indians strawberry picking in the late 19th century.

warriors and the more aristocratic police officers. Both shared similar values. The Indian and 'gentlemen' like Herchmer and Denny had a very rigid code of honour. They were conservative in their outlook, and held to tradition. Both groups from childhood inherited a deep racial pride in the exploits of their ancestors. They were men of strong and enduring friendships, whose family and friends came before commercial gain. Most important of all they had an intense love of both war and sport. This natural bond instinctively led a number of the Mounties to defend the Indian from criticism, and from unnecessary harassment. They believed that the Indian should be allowed to adjust to white society at his own speed.

Yet, while it is true that William Herchmer's aristocratic values helped him to understand the Plains Indians much better than his white contemporaries did, an additional factor may more fully explain his humanistic stand. The Herchmer brothers never revealed their family secret, but the historian can. The first and most important clue dates back to the moment of the Reverend William Macauley Herchmer's death in 1862.

When William and Lawrence returned to Kingston after their father's death, undoubtedly they read the flattering obituary in *The Journal of Education for Upper Canada* for April 1862. One passage was of particular interest:



Chief Charles Herchmer, the son of Kiweyob (Jacob) Herchmer who was also an uncle of the police officers.



The Reverend Peter Jacobs, an early Ojibwa Methodist missionary, connected by marriage to the Herchmer family.

Of his kindness of heart and right feeling, the following incident speaks for itself. An uncle of his, engaged in the Indian trade, like many others similarly circumstanced, married a native woman. This gentleman was unfortunately lost on Lake Ontario several years before our late lamented friend was born, leaving a family of several children to be brought up by his widow — which of course was after the Indian custom. The youngest son, a promising young man, became a convert to Methodism, and subsequently a preacher in that Society. On visiting Kingston in that capacity, Mr. Herchmer readily claimed him as his kinsman, received him into his family, and subsequently showed him every attention.

From their three brothers and four sisters, William and Lawrence must have learned more about their Indian kinsman. Oominewahjeweene ('the pleasant stream'), known also by his English name 'William Harkemer'. Oominewahjeweene spoke English fluently, and could tell some fascinating tales. Before his baptism in 1825, at the age of twenty-four, he had been brought up on the north shore of Lake Ontario, according to the customs of his mother's people, the Mississauga (Ojibwa) Indians. With his mother's band he had trapped in the winter months, gathered maple syrup in the early spring, hunted and fished in the summer months, then collected wild rice in the early fall. Many times he must have sat cross-legged on one of Herchmer's carpets in the drawing room, the small children around him in a circle, as he recounted Indian legends, and stories of the forest life.

When Peter Jones, the great native Methodist preacher, had returned to the Mississauga,

Oominewahjeweene, or 'William Harkemer', had enthusiastically accepted the Christian message. He travelled with his family as far as Kewawenon on Lake Superior, 250 miles west of Sault Ste Marie, 'to speak to the wild Indians about our Saviour'. As he later wrote from the Saugeen Mission on Lake Huron, 'I am way off in the wilderness, trying to do good towards men and duty towards God.' During the mid-nineteenth century he served at Indian missions throughout present-day southern Ontario. He was ordained in 1846.

A photograph of the Indian missionary has survived. It shows a strong, powerful face. A skilled woodsman, he could survive in the wilderness where an inexperienced white man would quickly starve. Once he carried a white preacher nearly thirty miles on his back from Saugeen to Owen Sound, after the man stumbled, and could not walk any further along the forest path.

While staying with his Anglican relatives the Indian missionary did speak of his two older brothers, 'Negahnub' (Lawrence) and 'Kiweyob' (Jacob), both of whom also lived at the Mississauga Reserve at New Credit near Hagersville, where the band had moved from the Credit River (13 miles west of Toronto) in 1847. The oldest, Negahnub, had been born in 1787 at Rice Lake.

During the War of 1812 he had fought at Stoney

Lawrence Harkimer, son of Lawrence Harkimer, and
Magiyakamekoqua his wife, was born at the Rice Lake
in the year 1787, and Baptised in the year 1826,
By Thos. Madden.

Jacob Harkimer (Kiweyob) son of Lawrence Harkimer
Magiyakamekoqua his wife, was born at Rice Lake
in the Year 1799, and Baptised the 25th ^{of Dec} 1826.
By Revd. Hsein Torry.

*Extracts from the New Credit Mission registry confirm that Lawrence and Jacob Harkimer
were sons of Lawrence Harkimer and Magiyakamekoqua, his wife.*

Creek with the British, and served with them as an Indian runner between Niagara and York (Toronto). He could speak English, write it a little, and like Kiweyob (born 1799) he had learned how to farm.

Their 'Indian connection' must have intrigued William and Lawrence. In the NWMP both of them spent twenty years working closely with Indians in Western Canada. One wonders if they ever discovered the inner secret of their Indian blood-link. Their great-uncle Jacob simply could not have been the father of all three of the Mississauga Herchmers. Negahnub believed that he had been born in 1787. But in that year Jacob was only thirteen and living at home in Kingston. The only possible Herchmer who could have fathered the child was already trading furs in the Rice Lake area around 1790. His name was 'Lawrence Herchmer', father of the Rev. William Macauley Herchmer, and thus grandfather of William and Lawrence Herchmer of the NWMP.

If William and Lawrence Herchmer had ever visited the New Credit Mission they could have examined the mission registry. The entries for both Negahnub and Kiweyob are clearly written. Both were born at Rice Lake and are listed as the sons of 'Lawrence Harkimer and Magiyakamekoqua his wife.' Providing that the Church registry is correct, the Mississauga Herchmers were really Rev. William Macauley Herchmer's half-brothers, and the uncles to Lawrence and William Herchmer of the NWMP.

The moderation of William Herchmer, Assistant Commissioner of the NWMP, toward native peoples is best explained by his awareness of their abilities. His father's three Indian half-brothers (or first cousins) had become successful men, as had their

children. Kiweyob's son, Charles, was in the 1880s a successful farmer, the leader of the church choir, and, for several years, the Chief of the New Credit Mississauga. Charles married Christiana Brant, who on her father's side was the great-granddaughter of Joseph Brant, the famous Iroquois War Chief, and on her mother's side, the niece of Peter Jones, the well-known Methodist native missionary.

The two Mounties, William and Lawrence Herchmer, also had Indian relatives on another branch of their family tree. Their father's first cousin, Major Charles Anderson, the Indian Agent at Rice Lake, had married a Mississauga woman, and had a large family. His three sons and three daughters spoke Ojibwa and English with equal fluency. One of his daughters, Betsey Anderson, married Pahtahsega, or the Reverend Peter Jacobs, one of the early Ojibwa Methodist missionaries to work in the Canadian North-west. Jacobs had published a book, *Journal of the Reverend Peter Jacobs, Indian Wesleyan Missionary, from Rice Lake to the Hudson's Bay Territory, and Returning, Commencing May, 1852.*

That evening at the Anglican Church schoolhouse as old friends of his brother came to pay their last respects, one can be certain that Commissioner Lawrence Herchmer said nothing about his family's Indian connection. One wisely did not talk about such things in a society so racially conscious. Calgary's Senator, James Lougheed, had married 'Belle' Hardisty, whose mother was a Métisse, and consequently had faced taunts of discrimination about his 'Indian wife'. Lawrence, as had William, kept the secret to himself. In their work, however, the knowledge that they had Indian cousins undoubtedly affected many of their actions. ♦

EXILE IN THE WILDERNESS

The Life of Chief Factor

Archibald McDonald, 1790-1853

By Jean Murray Cole. Burns & MacEachern Limited, Don Mills, Ont., 1979. 268 pp., illus. \$14.95.

Reviewed by Shirlee Anne Smith

This biography divides into two distinct parts. The first 87 pages cover the years 1812-1820 when Archibald McDonald was agent and deputy-governor to Lord Selkirk; the following 140 pages cover his service as an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company.

McDonald had impeccable credentials for service in the New World. Descended from Highland warriors (his father had fought at Culloden), he was strong, buoyant, young, and a protégé of Lord Selkirk. After a year of study in London he led the 1813 typhus-ridden group of Selkirk settlers to Churchill. For the 23-year-old McDonald, who had to deal with the intractable William H. Cook and the unsympathetic William Auld, both Hudson's Bay Company officers, it was a difficult and trying winter. During the next seven years he was to encounter cynicism, callousness and harassment, including his own arrest, at the hands of the North West Company men. It is an indication of McDonald's spirit that the Nor'Westers were not able to break or embitter him. As Selkirk had perceived, his principles were sufficiently rooted 'to bear up against every temptation'.

It is not easy to write about violence and it is a credit to the author that she handles the inhumane treatment of the impoverished Selkirk settlers, and this part of McDonald's life with restraint and balance.

McDonald himself referred to his 'exile in the wilderness', but to

anyone familiar with fur-trade history this statement cannot be taken seriously. When one compares McDonald's tenure with those of the men at the Mackenzie River and Labrador posts his was a paradise. He spent one year at Ile à la Crosse and thereafter served west of the mountains at Fort George, Kamloops, Fort Langley and, for the last 11 years, at Fort Colvile in what is today the state of Washington. The author describes Colvile as the 'most comfortable post on the Columbia.' Renowned for its scenic beauty, it was on the regular express route to the East and the final stopping place before crossing the mountains. Missionaries, fur traders, scientists and explorers were all guests of the sociable McDonalds. Jane Klyne McDonald, who should also have a biographer, was well known for her sumptuous table. In 1841 Governor George Simpson feasted on 'roasted turkey, a suckling pig, new bread, fresh butter, eggs, ale, etc.'

To place one's ancestors in perspective is difficult. Speaking of her great-grandfather, the author writes 'If there was no school for his children, he would conduct one; no church . . . he would read the services; no convivial society, he would make his home a welcoming haven'. These attitudes were fairly commonplace among HBC officers. What made McDonald remarkable was his interest in zoology, botany, farming, politics, medicine, literature, and mankind. He had a zest for life, an insatiable curiosity, impartial judgement and a propensity for conversation. On the recommendation of the famous Sir William Hooker, for instance, McDonald was given an honorary membership in the Royal Horticultural Society. His specimens of plants sent to the British Museum are still in the teaching collection, and his 1838 crop estimate was 1,500 bushels of wheat and 7,000 bushels of potatoes. 'His life was one of much usefulness.'

The book, which has brief biographical notes on Jane McDonald and the nine children, is relatively free of historical inaccuracies and typesetting errors. James Douglas, however, was not the first Governor of British Columbia (p. 115); and there is an error in the author's own bibliographical entry. Her article 'Exile in the Wilderness, Archibald McDonald's Ten Years at Fort Colvile' was published in *The Beaver*, not in 1971, but in 1972.

In the last six years a number of lively and readable biographies of fur traders have been published. To this list can now be added the life of Chief Factor Archibald McDonald.

Shirlee Anne Smith is Hudson's Bay Company archivist, Provincial Archives of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

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JOURNEYS TO THE FAR WEST
Accounts of the Adventurers
in Western Canada 1858 to 1885

By Edward Cavell, James Lorimer & Company, Toronto, 1979. 164 pp., illus. \$24.95.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Blight

In recent years historic photographs have been used increasingly as historic documentation in their own right. Such is the case with *Journeys to the Far West* by Edward Cavell, curator of photographs at the Archives of the Canadian Rockies in Banff. It is evident that Cavell intended to publish primarily the 110 photographs which he selected from archival collections in Canada and the United States. The accompanying text consists of excerpts taken from published sources written, for the most part, by gentlemen adventurers who traversed the wilderness of the Canadian West in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

One of the quotations, by Jean d'Artigue, nostalgically describes the difference between the 'civilized' Winnipeg of 1880 and the frontier community it had been ten years earlier. Nearly all the writers and photographers whose works are included in this book were visitors in a strange land. As with tourists everywhere they recorded the events and sights that were new and different to them. They left a record of a people and a way of life that

would soon disappear with the rush to settle the West.

This emphasis on the frontier life is particularly evident in the choice of images selected for the book. Many of the photographs were taken by men employed as members of survey expeditions to the West. The very nature of their work kept them away from the more populated areas of the country. This is especially true of the members of the Royal Engineers who were employed to survey the 49th parallel between 1860-1861 in British Columbia and 1872-1874 on the prairies.

The photographs dominate, making it a book that will be looked at rather than read. Humphrey Lloyd Hime, who in 1858 was the first known photographer to appear in the West, has long been recognized as one of Canada's best photographers. *Journeys to the Far West* presents the works of several other relatively unknown photographers who should rank at the top with Hime. This book is particularly important because it places the works created on the prairies alongside of those produced in British Columbia.

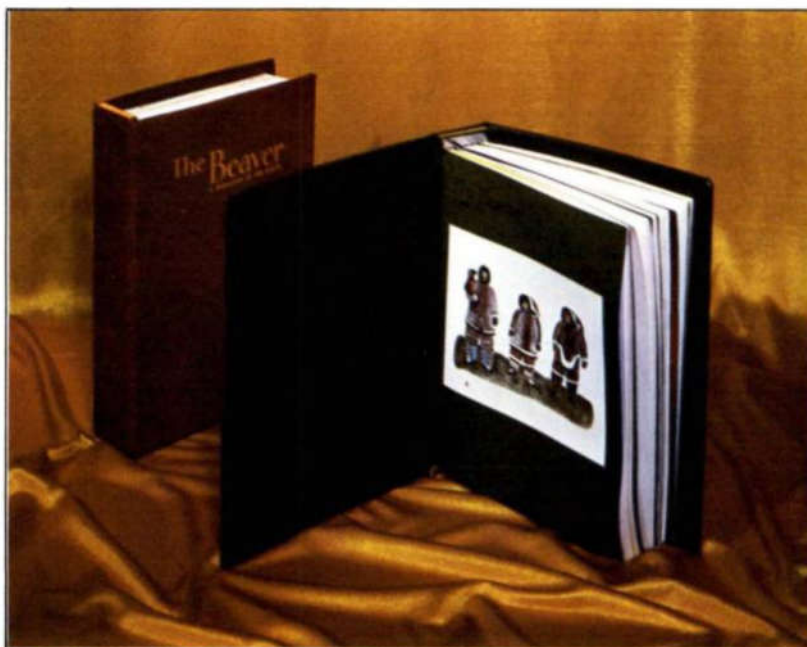
The printing methods for nineteenth-century photography imparted the photographs with a warmth and intensity that is not often achieved today. It is unfortunate that the prints in this book do not duplicate this aspect of the originals.

The weakest part of *Journeys to the Far West* is its introduction. It could have been improved with a more detailed discussion of the technical aspects of nineteenth-century photography and the difficulties faced by the photographers who worked in the field. It would also have been of interest to know how the photographs were received by the photographers' employers and contemporaries. Above all, there should have been a biographical description of all the writers and photographers whose works were used.

The use of *Journeys to the Far West* as a research tool is hampered by the lack of an index, list of plates and a list, by photographer, of photographs reproduced. There is one other minor but annoying oversight. Although each photograph's caption contains the date the photograph was taken, there is no similar indication with the written text. A date given with each excerpt would have helped the reader to place it in its historical context.

In spite of these limitations *Journeys to the Far West* should appeal to all readers who are interested in the development of the West in general and in the history of photography in particular.

Elizabeth Blight is assistant archivist (photograph collections and maps), Provincial Archives of Manitoba.



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ALPINE CANADA

By Andy Russell and J. A. Kraulis. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1979. 144 pp., illus. \$27.50.

Reviewed by Patrick McCloskey

Alpine Canada is the latest of Andy Russell's books celebrating in prose and photographs the mountains of the West. This time he has teamed up with photographer Janis Kraulis with the stated purpose of capturing not merely scenes of grandeur, but 'the smaller pictures of life within the mountains' — details of scenes and the changing moods of the alpine regions of Western Canada.

Photographically this is done admirably well. The variety of mood and detail of the photographs bear witness to the countless hours that Kraulis obviously spent hiking, and waiting for the desired combination of light and environmental conditions. His appreciation for the mountains is evidenced in his close-up details, and in photographs that tell the story of a microcosm in the vastness of the mountain world.

Not unexpectedly, the majority of photographs were shot in the southern Rockies. But Kraulis spares us from the usual scenes of a 'Beautiful Canada' book. When a familiar scene is presented, it is a view not normally seen: the flanks of Castle Mountain enveloped in the mist of a low cloud, rather than in its entirety from the Bow River; or a view of the Ten Peaks from the edge of a tarn high above the more familiar setting of Moraine Lake.

Although a few of the photographs can best be termed representational, for the most part Kraulis's photographs show a strong sense of design, and awareness of the photographic moment: a delicate play of shadows on snow stopped by a sharp diagonal ridge of rock that juts into a stormy sky; a braided stream turned silver by a low sun, flowing into and spreading out across the bottom half of the frame. Such strong scenes contrast effectively with close-up details that convey the fragility of the alpine environment.

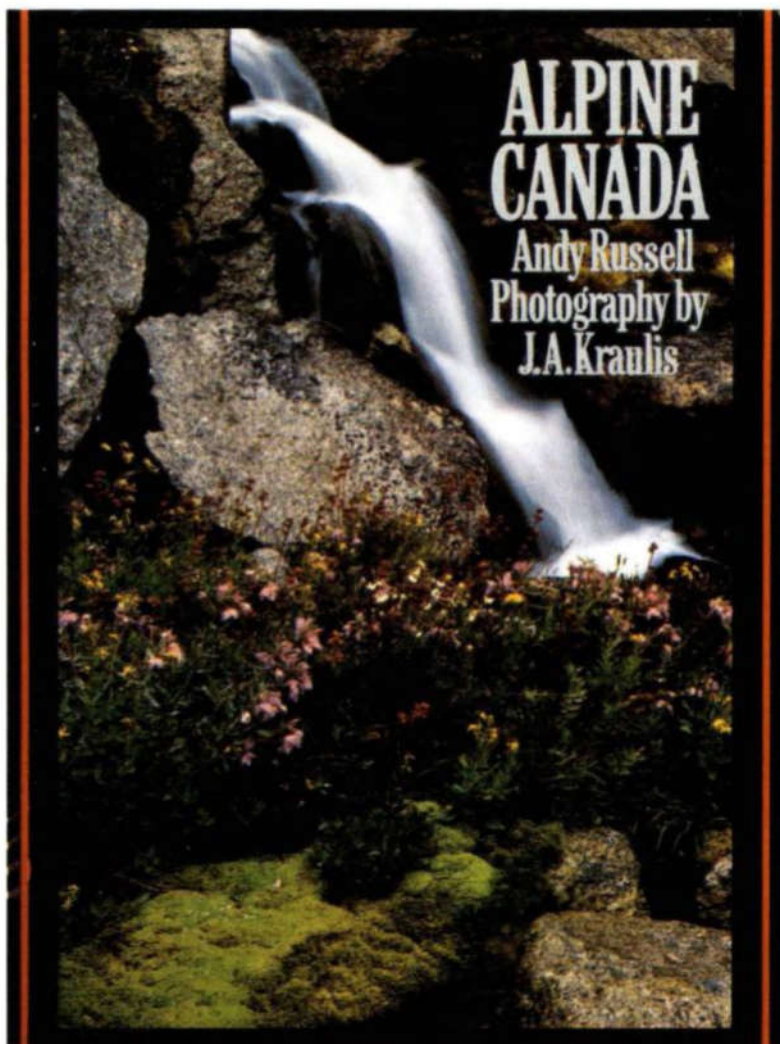
The book's designer, David Shaw, deserves credit for the layout. Image sizes and formats have been chosen well, and there are effective juxtapositions of images — for example the three close-ups of small cascades opposite the full-page fury of Donjek Falls on pp. 102-103, and the close-up of flowers

opposite a field full of avalanche lilies on pp. 94-95. Printing quality is excellent, capturing the subtleties of colour and shade.

It is unfortunate that there are not more photos of alpine areas outside the southern Rockies. There are a few striking shots from the Yukon's St Elias Mountains, but these do not go far in presenting the features unique to the highest mountains in Canada. The same can be said about a relative lack of photographs from the ranges of the interior of British Columbia, and the Coast Range. If the book's intention is to show the variety of the alpine environment, it seems an oversight not to present more of vastly differing mountain regions. I am left with a wish for more photographs and less prose.

In the prose section Andy Russell

tells a few interesting anecdotes drawn from a lifetime spent in or near the mountains as rancher, guide, writer and photographer. But at 48 pages (nearly one-third of the book) the text is too long, and at times becomes disjointed. It descends into a virtual catalogue of the plants and animals of the alpine environment, in a series of word-pictures of scenes from the various seasons. Russell's comments are often both anthropomorphic and cute: he creates a two-paragraph metaphor about 'nature's most wonderful music . . . sometimes lifting into a thundering concerto', directed by the sun, the 'maestro' who 'waves the baton' and 'coaxes out the sound and movement'. We learn that 'Insects know nothing about addition, but their penchant for multiplication is monstrous.'



We meet fish that have their 'Ph.D. in survival' and read about mountain goats wearing pantaloons and standing with their 'bloomers waving in the wind'.

Such comments seem outdated today. At his best Russell is a knowledgeable and skilled writer who makes a passionate plea for conservation. But there is too much detail here. It would perhaps have been more appropriate for Russell to introduce the photographs rather than take up a substantial part of the book. For it is on account of the photographs that one ultimately buys a book like this, and returns to it time and again. The quality of photographs and the excellence of design of *Alpine Canada* make it a pleasure to do that.

Audio-visual producer Patrick McCloskey is with Parks Canada, Prairie Region.

GOD'S GALLOPING GIRL
The Peace River Diaries of
Monica Storrs 1929-1931

Edited by W. L. Morton.
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1979.
307 pp., illus. \$22.00.

Reviewed by Ruth M. Buck

By her own account, Monica Storrs was 'middle-aged, middle-sized, and fatally English' when she came to the Peace River in 1929 to work as Bishop's Messenger in the Anglican Diocese of Caledonia. She was prepared for the situation in England by Miss Eva Hasell, of Sunday School Caravan fame who, in the summer of 1928, had served the Diocese of Caledonia and traversed the Peace River District on foot.

'Can you ride?', that indomitable woman asked. 'Go to the Peace River in British Columbia — fine country; lots of fine people going in; NO CHURCH; lots of children; lots of mosquitoes — just the place for you, Storrs.'

And so it proved. For more than twenty years, Monica Storrs established Sunday Schools and organized the Girl Guide and Boy Scout movement in the Peace River District. During a period of ten years, until the outbreak of World War II, the letters that she wrote to a friend in England were typed and multigraphed there for distribution to those who assisted in the support of her work. Her courage, faith and humour make the diaries,

now in the possession of the Archives of British Columbia, a moving narrative. The material is extensive, and for the purposes of this publication, it seemed better to provide the complete text of a portion only — the first two years at Fort St John — rather than extracts from the whole.

Dr W. L. Morton, Manitoba's distinguished historian, edited the work, and in his introduction summarizes the history of the Peace River, and answers his own questions: 'Why should an Englishwoman, gently born and gently reared, come to the hardships and disordered beginnings of mass settlement in Peace River?'

Dr Morton's research assistant, Vera Fast, contributed fifteen pages of notes about persons and places mentioned in the letters of that portion. There is a helpful index, a map of the North Peace District, and a picture section of 30 photographs. The foreword was written by the late R. D. Symons, author of several books based on his experiences in Saskatchewan and the Peace River country.

Monica Storrs came at her own expense, travelling from Edmonton by the Northern Alberta Railway as far as Hythe, and then in two stages by car another 124 miles to Fort St John, which had no railway connection until 1958. Roads had to be built, school districts formed, towns brought into being, and all this was compounded by the difficulties of the depression years when whole families from drought-stricken areas made their way to the Peace.

The area of her work included Fort St John, Baldonnel, Taylor's Flats, Charlie Lake, Hudson Hope and up into the Montney district north — distances of up to forty-five miles. Making her way on horseback or by foot over trails that cars could not always travel, she visited every possible home, knowing how infinitely lonely and overburdened the women could be. Nationality or faith had little significance, particularly in her work with Scouts and Guides.

With this in mind, Dr Morton's statement concerning the work of the Church of England amongst immigrants cannot go unchallenged. True, it was 'an enormous and almost unmanageable task', but Dr Morton continues: 'This was the more so, perhaps, as the clergy, notably Bishop Lloyd of the

English settlement at Clark's Crossing, now Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, tended to see it as a carrying of England overseas'. It can be wrong to tar with Bishop Lloyd's undeniable bigotry, the unselfish labour of many in the work of the Anglican Church in Western Canada. In the same statement the Barr Colony of 1903 at Lloydminster is confused with the Temperance Colony of 1882 at Saskatoon. The historic though almost forgotten Clark's Crossing is twenty miles farther down the South Saskatchewan River near present-day Warman, Saskatchewan.

At the end of her first two years Monica Storrs was settled in her own house on property that overlooked the Peace. With that log house, 'The Abbey', as base, she gathered about her the young women who were her 'Companions of the Peace'. The title of this book is drawn from the name that was affectionately applied to her and those Companions by the people of Peace River.

The letters are much more than a day-to-day account of the devoted service that Monica Storrs gave in the work of her church. They are a detailed social document of a region that was the last unoccupied frontier of agricultural life in North America. Dr Morton points out that this fact explains how the Peace River could represent 'a condition of the mind and an adventure of the spirit'. Something of this, he believes, kept Monica Storrs at her difficult trips by horse and car for more than twenty years, and left her with an abiding love of the Peace River.

Ruth Buck edited the papers of Edward Ahenakew 'Voices of the Plains Cree' and wrote 'The Doctor Rode Side-Saddle', a biography of her mother, the first woman to practise medicine in Saskatchewan.

ERRATA

On page 5, Winter 1979, the full name of Inglis Sheldon-Williams should read Harry Inglis Jodrell Sheldon-Williams. This information was provided by his daughter, Eve Sheldon-Williams.

On page 56, Winter 1979, the credit line on the Canada stove illustrations should read 'By Courtesy of the Carron Company'. The Carron Company records are housed in the Scottish Records Office at Edinburgh.

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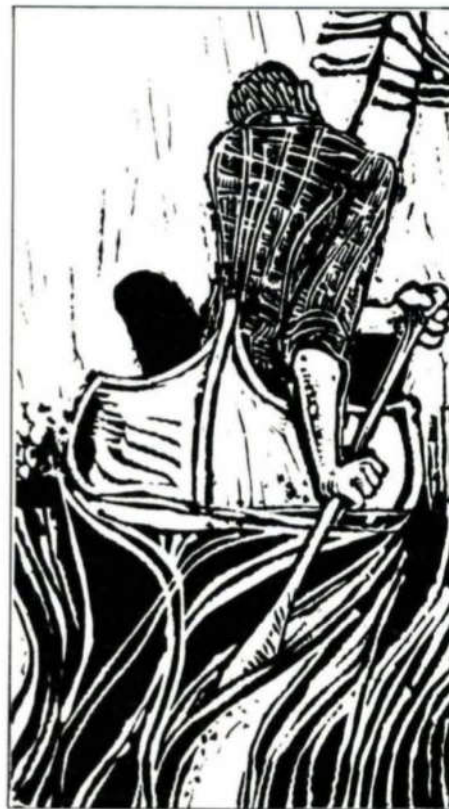
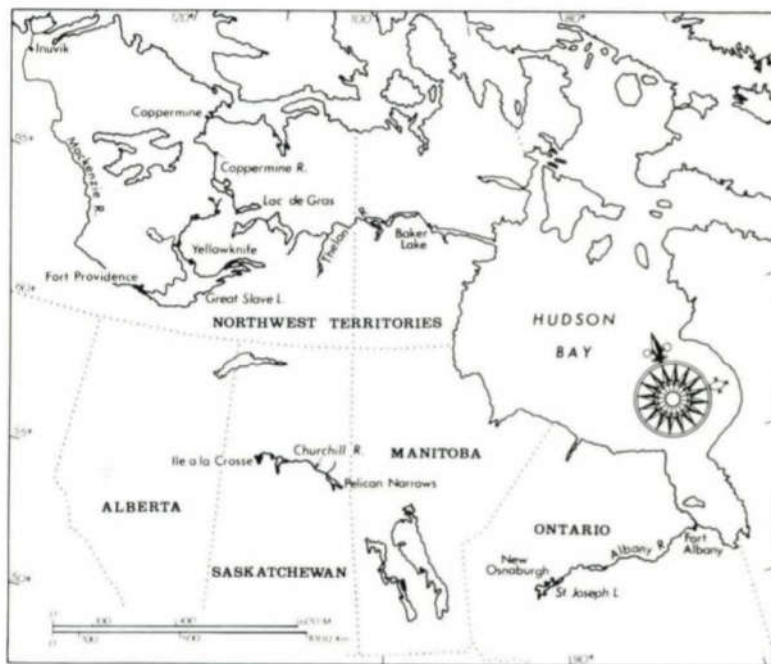
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